



RIGHT ON
SCHEDULE!

TRUE TALES FROM PENN'S WOODS

TOM QUICK'S REVENGE

C. Dallas

IN 1733, HOLLANDERS TOM QUICK AND HIS WIFE BECAME THE FIRST WHITE SETTLERS ON THE UPPER DELAWARE RIVER, IN PRESENT-DAY MILFORD, PIKE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA. TOM QUICK, JR., THE FIRST OF 5 CHILDREN, WAS BORN IN 1734. FOR MANY YEARS THE FAMILY OPERATED SAW AND GRIST MILLS ALONG VAN DE MARK CREEK WHILE MAINTAINING A FRIENDLY RELATIONSHIP WITH THE LENNI LENAPE, OR DELAWARE INDIANS.



BUT BY 1757, THE INDIANS COULD TOLERATE THE INVASION OF THEIR LAND NO LONGER, AND RESOLVED TO DRIVE OFF ALL THE WHITES. ONE MORNING AS QUICK AND HIS SONS WERE CARRYING GRIST ACROSS THE FROZEN DELAWARE THE LENAPE STRUCK FROM AMBUSH.



MORTALLY WOUNDED, THE ELDER QUICK ORDERED HIS UNARMED SONS TO ABANDON HIM AND FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES.

POWERLESS TO INTERVENE, THEY WATCHED FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK AS THE INDIANS TOOK THEIR FATHER'S SCALP.

SOON AFTER THE END OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR, TOM QUICK JR., THE ELDEST SON, ENCOUNTERED MUSKWINK, A LENAPE WARRIOR, IN DECKER'S TAVERN.



THE DRUNKEN INDIAN WAS BOASTING OF HIS EXPLOITS, WHICH INCLUDED SCALPING TOM'S FATHER. ENRAGED, TOM DROVE MUSKWINK A MILE INTO THE FOREST AND SHOT HIM.

OVER MUSKWINK'S BODY, QUICK VOWED ETERNAL VENGEANCE ON THE ENTIRE INDIAN RACE, THE COMBINED BLOOD OF WHICH, HE FELT, WAS NOT WORTH THAT OF HIS FATHER.



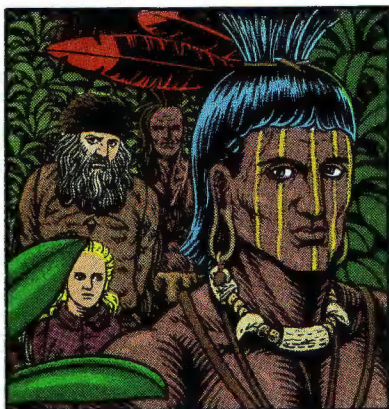
THE GOVERNMENT FEARED QUICK WOULD INCITE ANOTHER INDIAN WAR AND HAD HIM ARRESTED FOR MURDER. BUT WHEN THE OFFICERS TRANSPORTING HIM TO TRIAL STOPPED AT DECKER'S TAVERN, TOM'S FRIENDS FEIGNED A DRUNKEN CELEBRATION AND FREED HIM IN THE CONFUSION.



QUICK SWAM ACROSS THE ICY DELAWARE AND HID IN THE WILDERNESS FOR 6 WEEKS UNTIL THE BOUNTY-HUNTERS GAVE UP LOOKING FOR HIM.



SOMEWHAT LATER, QUICK, HIS NIECE MAGGIE, AND HIS DOG JACK WERE CAPTURED IN THE DELAWARE WATER GAP BY 13 INDIANS AND TAKEN TO A CAMP AT THE HEADWATERS OF BUSHKILL CREEK.



THE INDIANS FAILED TO RECOGNIZE QUICK AND BELIEVED HE WAS MERELY A WANDERING HUNTER AND TRAPPER. ONE DAY, WHILE 11 OF THE BAND WERE OFF HUNTING, QUICK SLEW HIS 2 GAURDS AND THE TRIO ESCAPED.



FLEEING THROUGH THE WILDERNESS BACK TO MILFORD, QUICK NOT ONLY ELUDED THEIR CAPTORS, BUT KILLED 3 OTHER INDIANS THEY MET BY CHANCE.



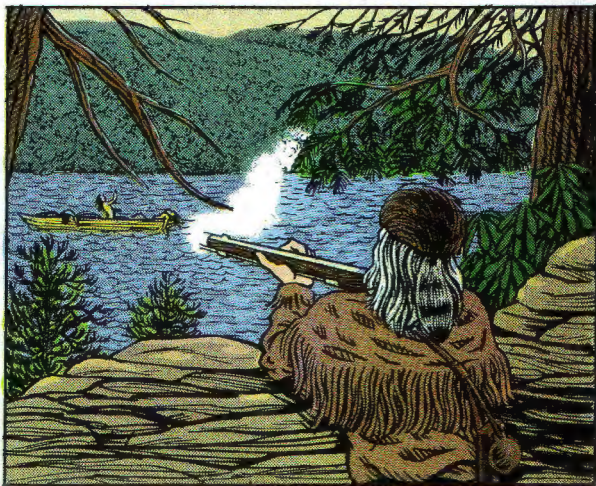
7 INDIANS ONCE CAPTURED QUICK AS HE WAS SPLITTING RAILS. HE AGREED TO GO WITH THEM PEACEFULLY, BUT ASKED THEM TO FIRST HELP PULL APART A PARTIALLY SPLIT LOG. WHEN THE AMUSED INDIANS PLACED THEIR FINGERS IN THE CRACK, QUICK KNOCKED OUT THE WEDGE, AND AS THEY WERE HELD FAST, HE KILLED THEM AT HIS LEISURE.



3 INDIANS, SWORN TO KILL QUICK, TRACKED HIM FOR 1½ YEARS. UPON FINDING HIS CAMPSITE, THEY SET UP AN AMBUSH. BUT QUICK SAW THEM FIRST, CIRCLED AROUND BEHIND AND SHOT 2 AS THE THIRD FLED.



QUICK'S EXPLOITS WERE NOT ALWAYS IN SELF-DEFENSE, SUCH AS THE TIME HE MURDERED A SQUAW AND 2 CHILDREN IN A CANOE ON THE DELAWARE.



A HUNTING TRIP WITH AN UNWARY INDIAN NETTED 7 DEER. QUICK WAS TO TAKE THE MEAT, AND THE INDIAN THE HIDES, BUT TOM SHOT HIM IN THE BACK AND LATER BOASTED OF KILLING A BUCK WITH 8 SKINS.



THE INDIAN SLAYER KEPT A CAREFUL COUNT OF HIS 99 VICTIMS. ON HIS DEATHBED, QUICK BEGGED HIS ATTENDANTS TO BRING IN AN ELDERLY INDIAN WHO LIVED NEARBY, THAT HE MIGHT KILL HIM TO MAKE AN EVEN 100.



SOME CLAIM THAT WHEN QUICK DIED OF SMALLPOX IN 1796, VENGEFUL INDIANS RETURNED FROM THE WEST TO EXHUME AND BURN HIS REMAINS. IN SO DOING, THE TRIBE CONTACTED SMALLPOX AND PERISHED. THUS, QUICK KILLED MORE INDIANS IN DEATH THAN HE HAD IN LIFE.



TOM QUICK, AVENGER OF THE DELAWARE — STALWART DEFENDER OF THE BELEAGUERED FRONTIER, OR RACIST, .PSYCHOPATHIC MURDERER? HE DIED AN OUTLAW, BUT WAS REVERED BY MOST SETTLERS AS A HERO. FOR NEARLY 40 YEARS, HE HAD PREYED UPON THE INDIANS AND ELUDED THEIR REVENGE. LEGENDS SPEAK NOT ONLY OF HIS COURAGE AND STRENGTH, BUT OF CRUELTY, DECEIT, AND ALL-CONSUMING HATRED AS WELL. BEFORE DEATH FINALLY CLAIMED HIM, QUICK SAW THE REALIZATION OF HIS LIFE-LONG DREAM — THAT DAY WHEN A WHITE MAN COULD WALK THE LENGTH OF THE DELAWARE WITHOUT ENCOUNTERING A SINGLE INDIAN.



END.

PLANETARY



NO.25
MAY-JUNE

IND



40¢

WEIRD SCIENCE

FEAR NOT, MORTALS, FOR THOUGH WE BE GODS
FROM THE SKY, WE ART THINE COSMIC BRETH-
ERN! OUR MISSION IS TO DELIVER NOT DOOM, BUT
GIFTS OF ETERNAL HOPE
AND GLORY! COME FORTH,
EARTHLING, AND RECEIVE
-THE WHEEL!



C. DALLAS



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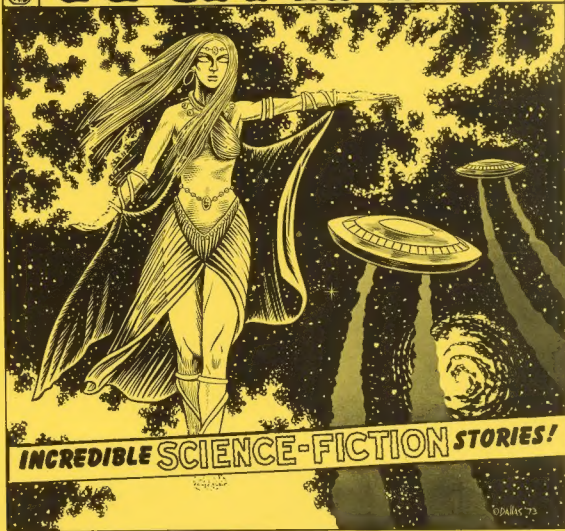


NO. 25
MAY-JUNE



10¢

WEIRD FANTASY



INCREDIBLE SCIENCE-FICTION STORIES!

ODALLAS 73

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NO. 47



TALES

FROM THE



10¢

CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

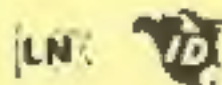


DALLAS 73

SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...



NO. 9
FEB-MAR



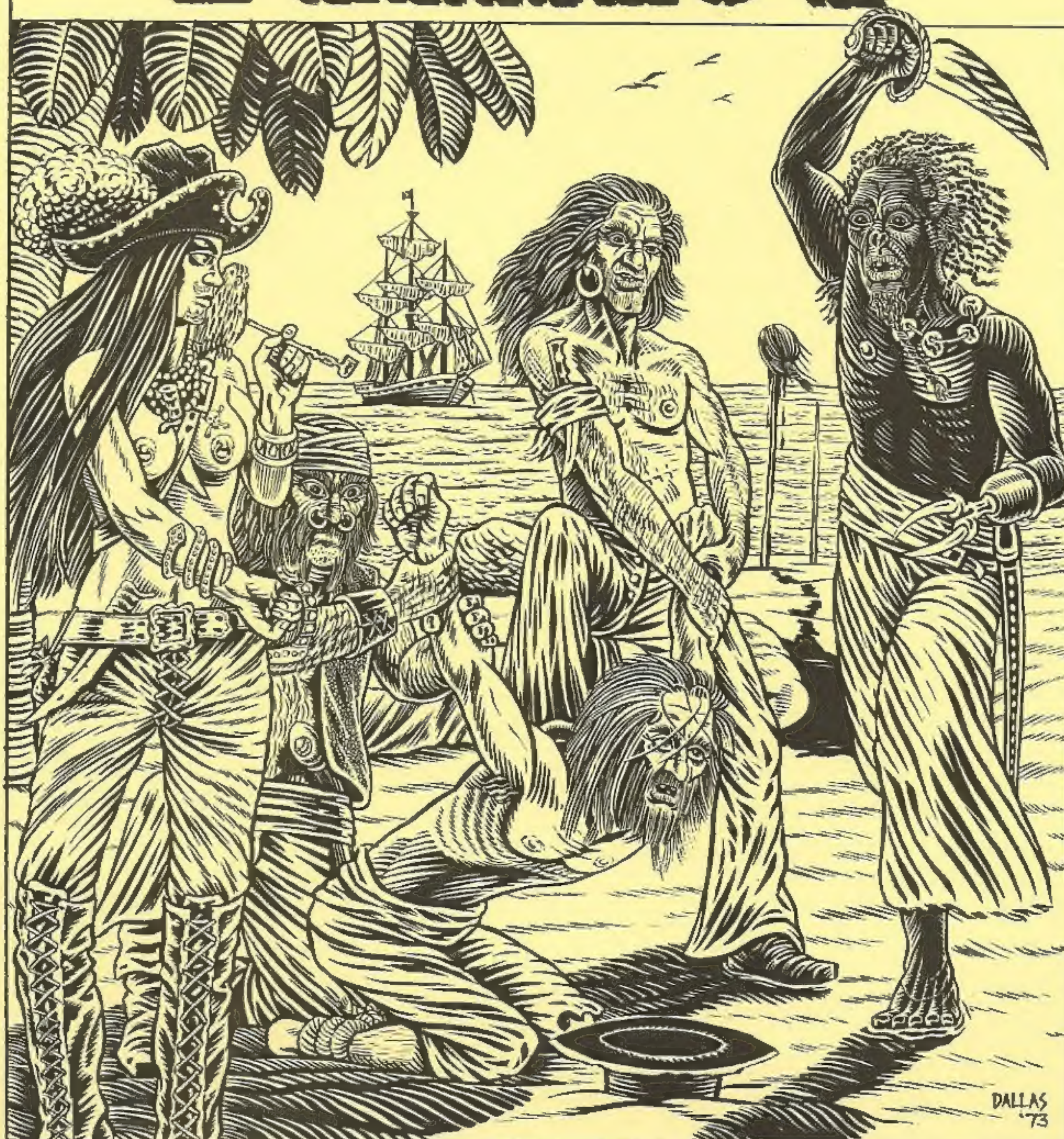
PIRACY



10¢

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DALLAS
'73





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IMPACT



NO. 19
FEB-MAR



SHOCK[®]



10¢

SUSPENSTORIES



H
O
R
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O
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NO. 41
FEB-MAR

10¢



10¢

THE VAULT OF

HORROR®

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



C. DALLAS

DAMN, IF THERE ISN'T A MOTEL SOON... JUST CAN'T KEEP AWAKE...

HAVEN'T SEEN EVEN A LIGHT FOR MILES, EITHER!

FAT LIP'S *Fetish*

WAIT! CAN IT BE—YES! A HOUSE!

DOWN BOY—NICE DOGGY!

SURE HOPE SOME-ONE'S HOME—I THINK.

HARF HARF!

WHUT IN THUNDER'S GOIN' ON OUT HAR! SPEAK UP GIRL!

ER—PLEASE SIR, I'M LOST AND VERY TIRED—COULD I REST HERE JUST A WHILE?

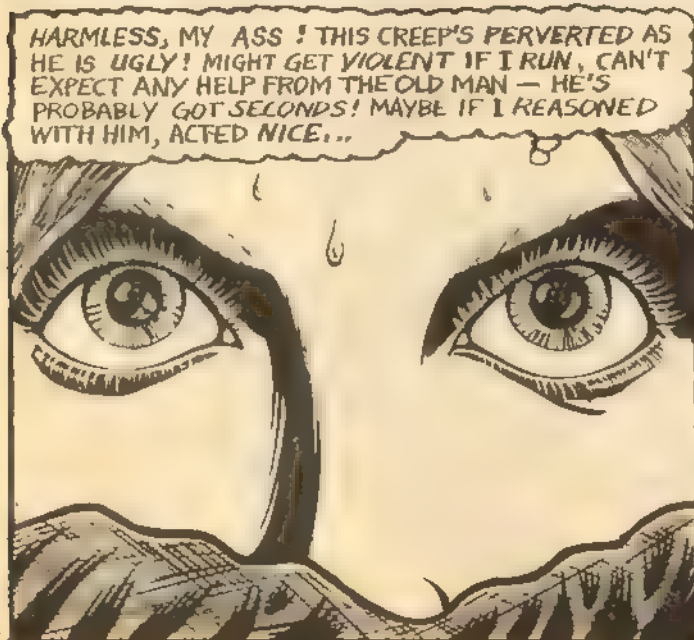
WAHL, AH CAIN'T LETCHA IN HAR, BUT AH RECKON YA'LL KIN STAY OUT IN TH' BARN 'TIL TH' STORM'S PAST.

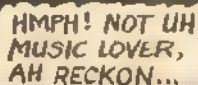
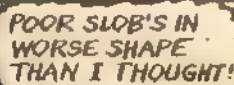
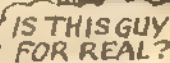
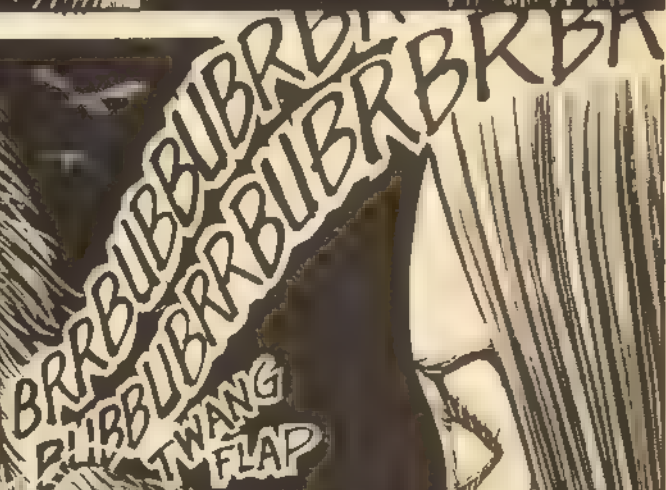
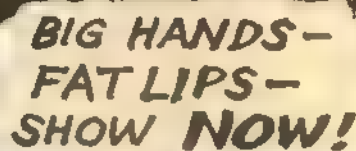
OH THANK YOU SIR!

BEATS THE CHICKEN COOP I GUESS.

JES' DON'T GIT WORKED UP IF N MUH BOY COME SNEAK-IN' AROUND—HE'S UH TRIFLE ODD, BUT HARMLESS.

THIS HAY'S NOT TOO BAD...TRIFLE ODD, EH... WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT...





CELLAR DWELLERS

ART & SCRIPT - C DALLAS 77



THE TATTERED NOTICE CATCHES YOUR EYE. NEW IN THE CITY AND LOW ON CASH, YOU'RE DESPERATE FOR A CHEAP ROOM.

AFTER PHONING FOR AN INTERVIEW, YOU CATCH A BUS TO THE OLDEST PART OF THE CITY - NOW A FESTERING SLUM.



THE DIRECTIONS CARRY YOU FAR FROM ANY BUS ROUTE - THROUGH A LABYRINTH OF TWISTED, DEBRIS-STREWN ALLEYWAYS.



FINALLY YOU REACH YOUR DESTINATION - A DILAPIDATED LITTLE SHACK JAMMED BETWEEN TWO TENEMENTS.

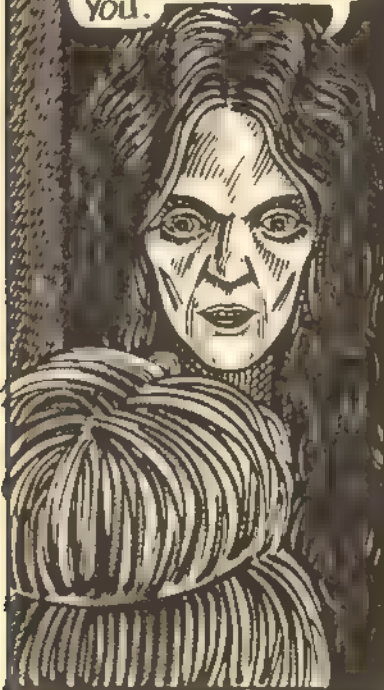
HESITANTLY YOU APPROACH AND KNOCK.

420
RAPPITY
RAP RAP



A PAUSE, LOCKS RATTLE,
THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

YOU MUST BE THE
ONE FOR THE ROOM-
COME-I WILL SHOW
YOU.



YOU MAY CALL ME—
RHODANDRA...

CHARMED.
...NOMAD'S
TH' NAME.

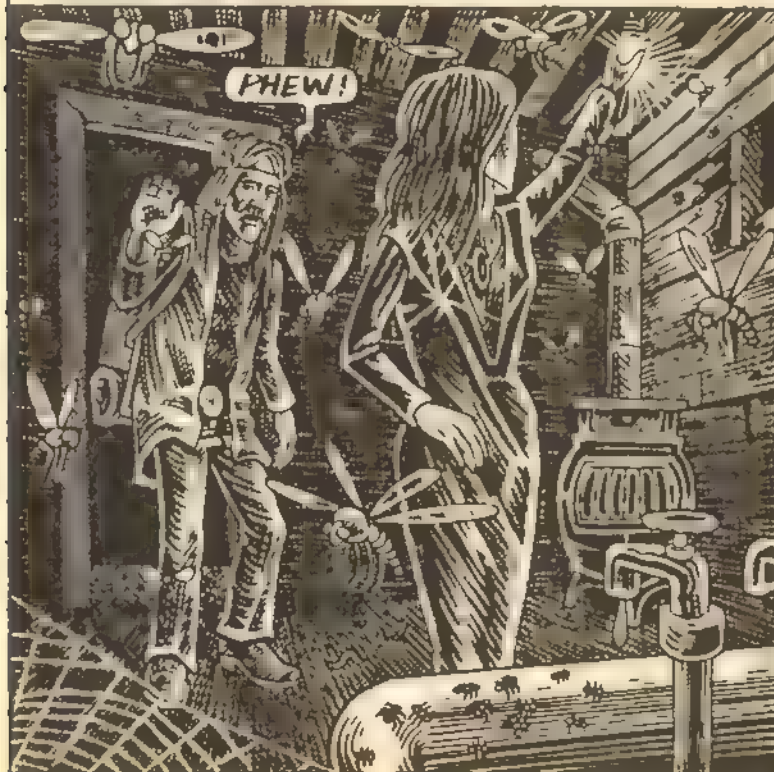


YOU FOLLOW HER DOWN
RICKETY SIDE STEPS TO
A FILTHY AND FOUL-
SMELLING BASEMENT.



SHE LIGHTS THE ROOM'S LONE FIXTURE, AND
DROVES OF OVER-SIZED INSECTS SWARM
TOWARD THE WALLS.

PHEW!



YOU OWN THIS—UH—
PLACE?

MY FAMILY HAS FOR
CENTURIES.



IT'S DISGUSTING—WRET-
CHED—BUT CHEAP. AND
YOU ARE DESPERATE. 12

THERE'S NO LEASE I HOPE.

NO, OF COURSE NOT- NOTHING TO SIGN
YOU'LL TAKE IT THEN?

YEAH... IT'LL HAVE TO DO,
BUT CAN'T SOMETHING
BE DONE
ABOUT
THESE
BUGS?

SMAT!

PERHAPS- BUT FIRST I
MUST HAVE \$15- CASH.

YEAH... IT'LL HAVE TO DO
BUT CAN'T SOMETHING
BE DONE
ABOUT
THESE
BUGS?

4 MAT

...WIRED LANDLADY,
BUGS EVERYWHERE,
A WOOD STOVE IN
TH' MIDDLE OF TH'
CITY - JESUS, I
COULDN'T O' DONE
MUCH FUCKIN'
WORSE !!

INSECTS ATTACK YOUR
FOOD EVEN AS YOU
TRY TO EAT IT.

THAT NIGHT THEY
COVER YOUR SLEEPING
BAG INSIDE AND OUT.

THEIR INCESSANT CLICKING
AND SCREECHING DRIVES YOU
TO THE VERY BRINK OF MADNESS!

WHEN MORNING FINALLY
ARRIVES YOU DISCOVER
YOUR ENTIRE STOCK
OF GROCERIES DEVoured!

% @ !!! * / @ % * / !!

ENRAGED, YOU STORM UP
THE STAIRS TO SEE
RHODANDRA!



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT THAT HOLE
I RENTED EXTER-
MINATED! I CAN-
NOT LIVE DOWN
THERE WITH THOSE
(BUGS !!)



THEN MOVE! THERE ARE
FAR TOO MANY OF THEM
TO SIMPLY EXTERMINATE!



WELL GODAMIT YOU KIN
TRY, CAN'T YOU ?!!



WHAT YOU ASK IS IMPOS-
SIBLE! SOON, INSECTS
WILL RULE THIS PLANET...
IF ANY ARE TO SURVIVE-
IT MUST BE AS THEIR
SERVANTS! I WILL NOT
EXTERMINATE!

SORRY-
NO REFUNDS!



YOU VILE
BITCH!



Y-YOU'RE... MAD! GIMME
MY BREAD BACK-I'M
GITTIN' OUT OF HERE!

YOU SPEND THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY SEARCHING FOR A JOB OR A NEW ROOM— BUT FIND NEITHER.



RELUCTANTLY YOU RETURN TO THE MISERABLE DUNGEON APARTMENT...



... WHERE YOU FIND A BOTTLE OF WINE AND A NOTE WAITING ON THE DOORSTEP.



EAGERLY YOU RUSH INSIDE TO DOWN THE WINE...



... BUT QUICKLY FIND IT...



... DRUGGED!

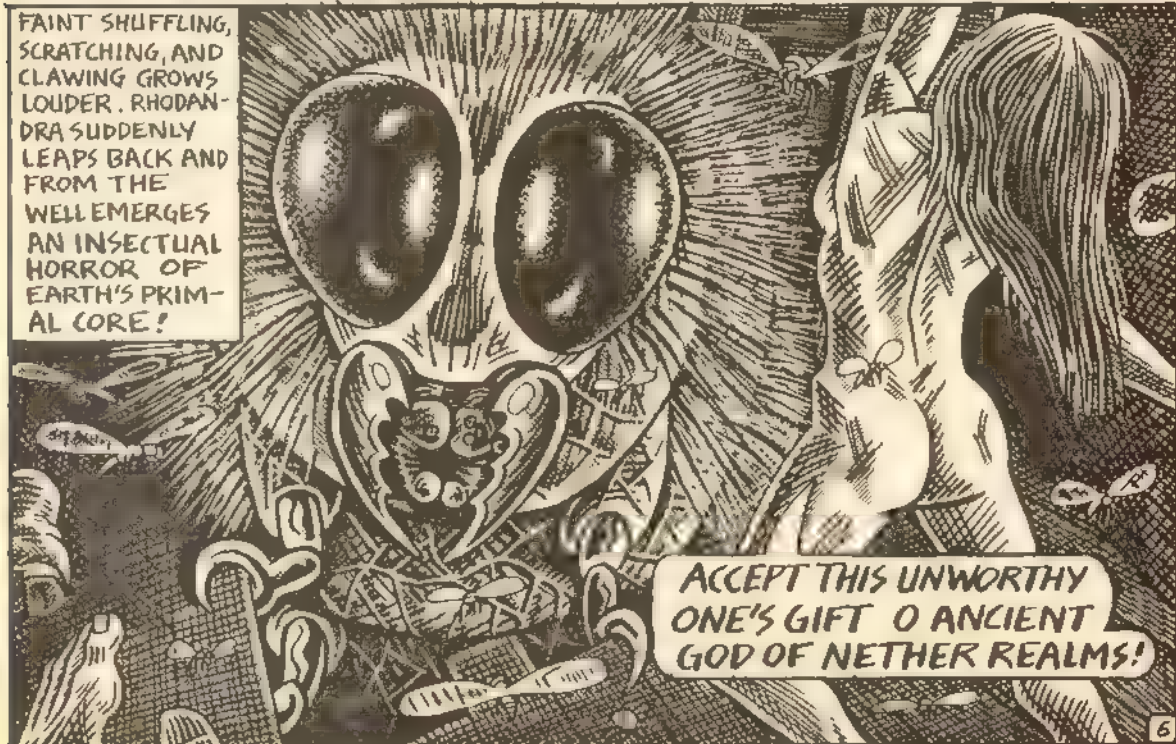


CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS BUT
MUSCLE CO-ORDINATION DOES
NOT. YOU CAN MOVE ONLY YOUR
EYES; THEY FOCUS ON RHODAN-
DRA, CHANTING INTO A PREVI-
OUSLY CONCEALED TRAPDOOR.

HER SONG ECHOES AS IF
BEING CAST DOWN A
BOTTOMLESS PIT.

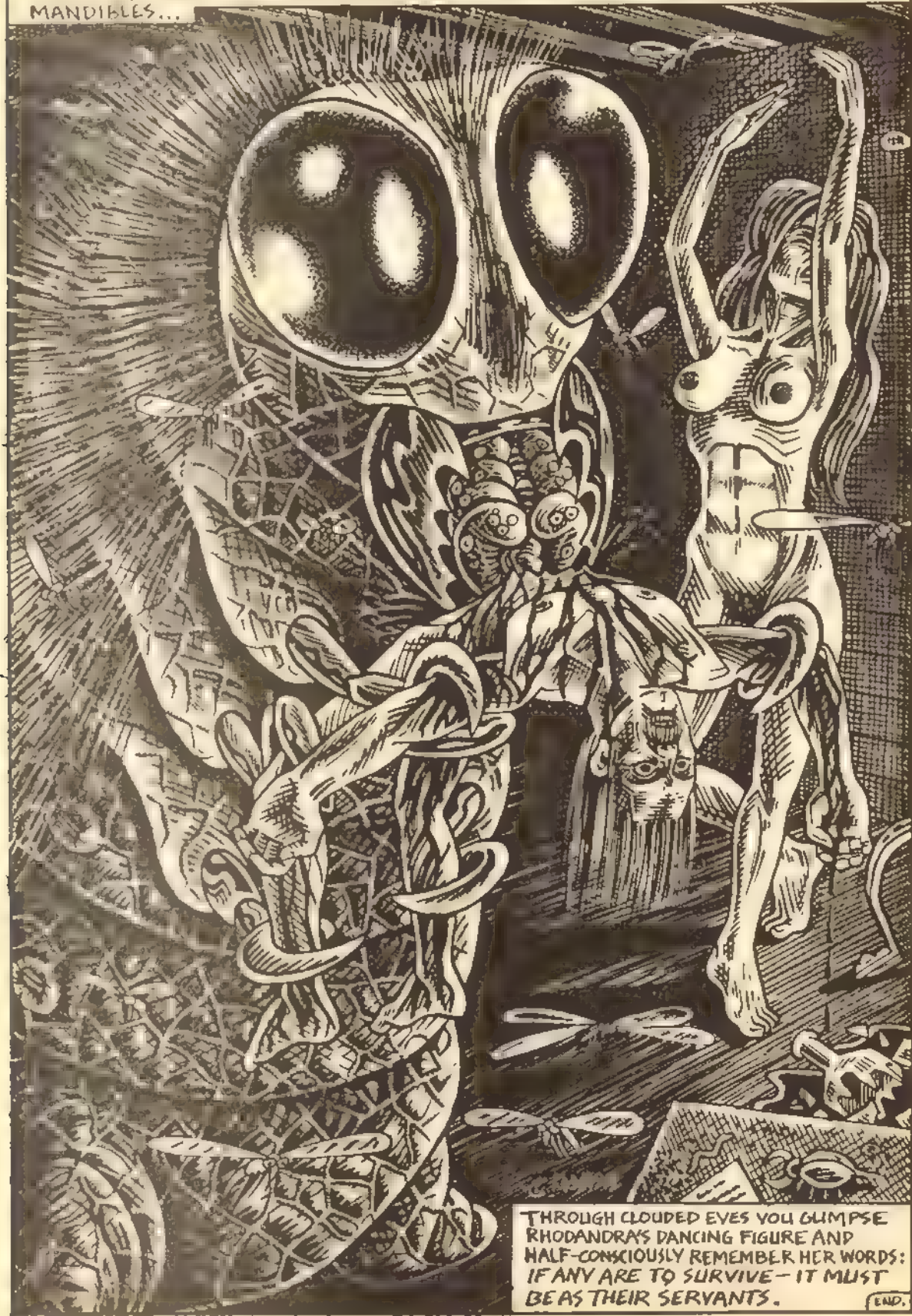


FAINT SHUFFLING,
SCRATCHING, AND
CLAWING GROWS
LOUDER. RHODAN-
DRA SUDDENLY
LEAPS BACK AND
FROM THE
WELL EMERGES
AN INSECTUAL
HORROR OF
EARTH'S PRIM-
AL CORE!



ACCEPT THIS UNWORTHY
ONE'S GIFT O ANCIENT
GOD OF NETHER REALMS!

ARMORED CLAWS LIFT YOUR HELPLESS FORM TOWARD CHURNING, GNASHING MANDIBLES...



THROUGH CLOUDED EYES YOU GLIMPSE RHODANDRA'S DANCING FIGURE AND HALF-CONSCIOUSLY REMEMBER HER WORDS: IF ANY ARE TO SURVIVE—IT MUST BE AS THEIR SERVANTS.

END.

THE HUNTER

ART. C. DALLAS
SCRIPT S GOODYEAR, DALLAS

... STALKS HIS ELUSIVE PREY. EACH
FALLEN TREE, EACH SNARLING BRIAR
SEEKS TO HALT HIS RELENTLESS
ADVANCE.



HE SUDDENLY FREEZES AT A DISTANT
RUSTLING OF LIMBS. SLOWLY RAIS-
ING THE RIFLE HE AIMS; HIS
FINGER TIGHTENS...

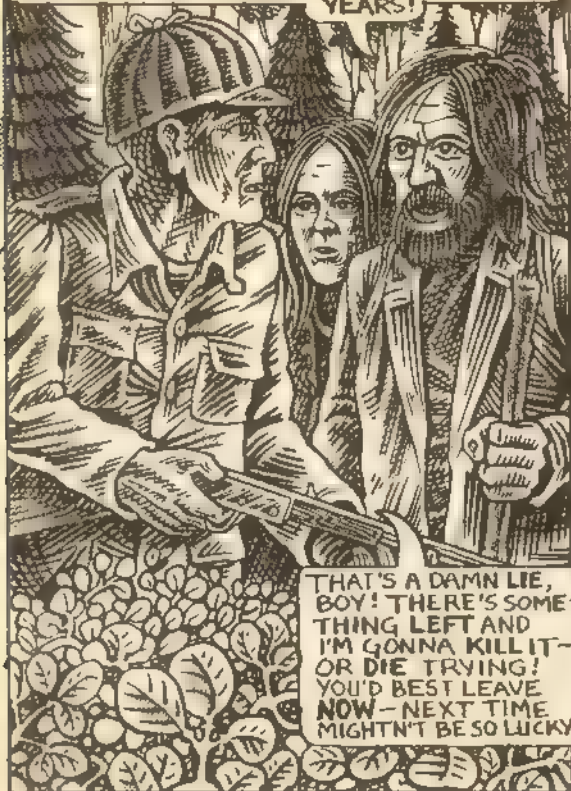


WHO A MAN - DON'T SHOOT!

WHAT THE HELL?
YOU TRY-
ING TO GET
YERSELF
KILLED OR
SOME-
THING?

DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S
HUNTING SEASON?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN IT'S HUNTING SEASON?
THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY WILDLIFE FOR
YEARS!



THAT'S A DAMN LIE,
BOY! THERE'S SOME-
THING LEFT AND
I'M GONNA KILL IT-
OR DIE TRYING!
YOU'D BEST LEAVE
NOW - NEXT TIME
MIGHTN'T BE SO LUCKY.



DAMN WEIRD-
O'S! SHOULD'A
SHOT 'EM ANY-
HOW...

HEAVY

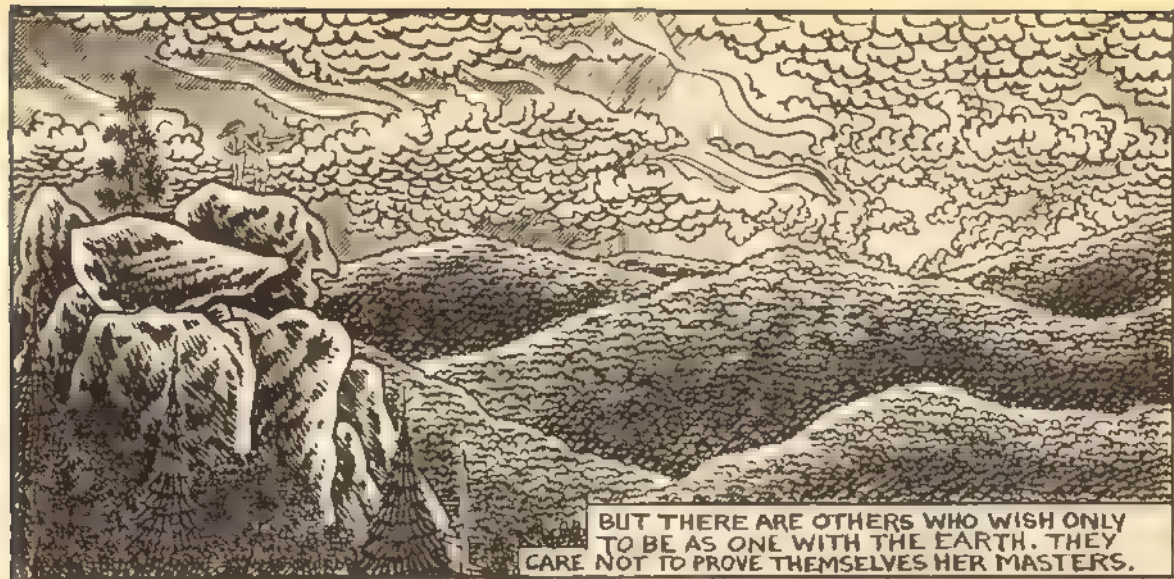


THAT GUY SEEMED
REALLY WIGGED OUT-
SHOULDN'T WE RE-
PORT HIM OR SOME-
THING?

SURE, BABY - YOU
GOT A PHONE ON
YOU?

THE BLAZING SUN UNDERMINES HUNTER'S STRENGTH BUT THE LONGING FOR VIRILITY SUSTAINS HIM. HOURS PASS, NO 'GAME' APPEARS. ANXIOUS NERVES TAUTEN TO THE BREAKING POINT; HIS MIND SNAPS AND HE WOULD SCREAM OUT IN FRUSTRATION - BUT DARES NOT, FOR THE HUNT MUST GO ON.





BUT THERE ARE OTHERS WHO WISH ONLY
TO BE AS ONE WITH THE EARTH. THEY
CARE NOT TO PROVE THEMSELVES HER MASTERS.

HUNTER CANNOT LET BE
BUT LUSTS FOR CONQUEST.



HE THINKS OF THE CITY TO
WHICH HE MUST RETURN—
WHERE HE IS THE HUNT-
ED; AN IMPOTENT PARANOID
LIKE ALL THE REST.



WANNA
MAKE IT,
LOV—
UHHNN

LEMME SLEEP
YA RUNT!

WITH DREAD HE REMEMBERS HIS WIFE—A SEXLESS
DOG TO WHOM HE IS NAUGHT BUT A WEEKLY PAYCHECK.



BUT IN THE FOREST, HUNTER RULES.
HERE HE COULD PROVE HIS MAN-
HOOD - IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME-
THING TO KILL.

OBSESSED, HE PUSHES ON
THROUGH DARKENED
WOODS.

BUT HUNTER IS NOT ALONE ON THE MOUNTAIN THIS NIGHT. OTHERS BASK IN THE SERENITY OF MOON-LIT TREES...



... UNTIL A SNAPPING TWIG DISRUPTS THEIR REVERIE.

HUNTER, TOO, SENSES ANOTHER'S PRESENCE. GUN POISED, HE STEALTHFULLY APPROACHES.



GIMME THAT FLASHLIGHT-QUICK!





WITH SUPERHUMAN EFFORT HUNTER MAN-
AGES TO TRANSPORT THEIR LIFELESS
BODIES MANY MILES TO HIS CAR.



ONCE THERE, HE EXCITEDLY MAKES READY
FOR THE LONG JOURNEY BACK TO
SUBURBIA.

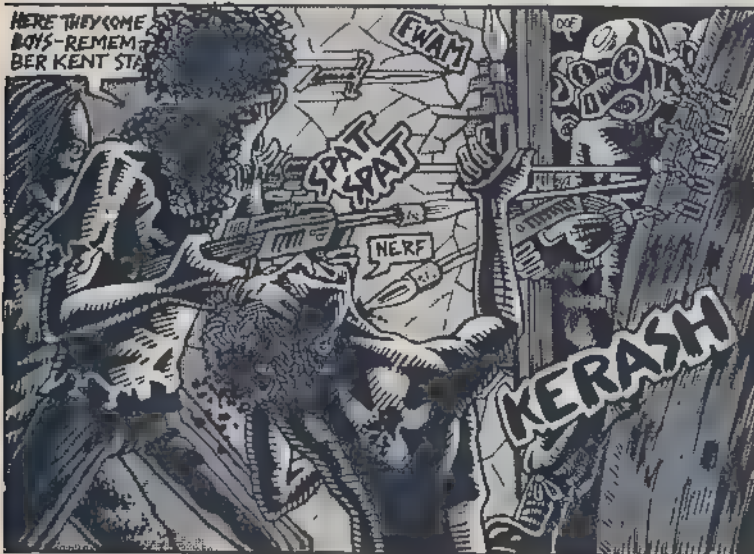
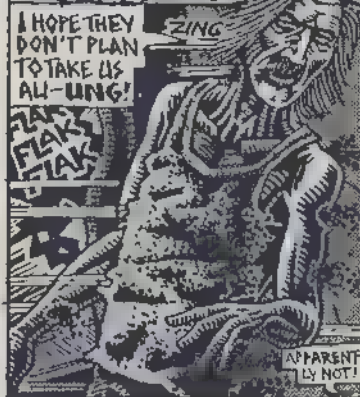
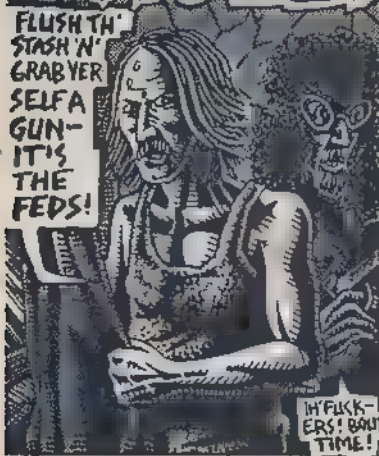


DRIVING HOME, HUNTER SAVORS THOUGHTS OF WHAT FINE TROPHIES THEIR
MOUNTED HEADS WILL MAKE, AND THEN WON'T EVERYONE KNOW WHAT A FEARLESS
MAN — IS THE HUNTER.

— END —

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VIOLENT funnies



MEANWHILE, IN THE DANK LABYRINTH OF TUNNELS HONEYCOMBING THE BUILDING'S SUB-BASEMENT, CLASHING FIGURES STRIVE TO GAIN POSSESSION OF VARIOUS ILLEGAL POTIONS AND PRECIOUS CONTRABAND!

OH SHIT! THEY GOT STEVE! WOT INNA FUCK AM I GONNA DO NOW?!

HARF!

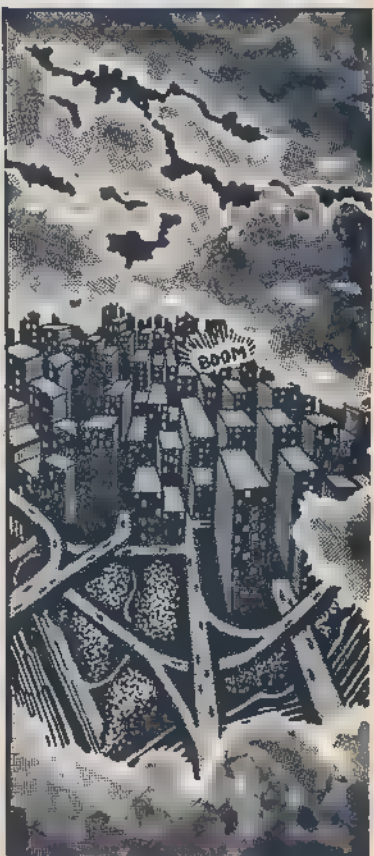
BAM BAM

SUPER.

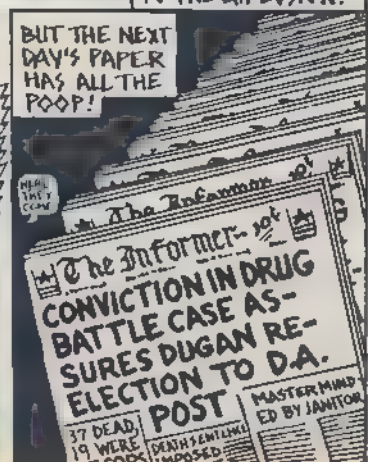
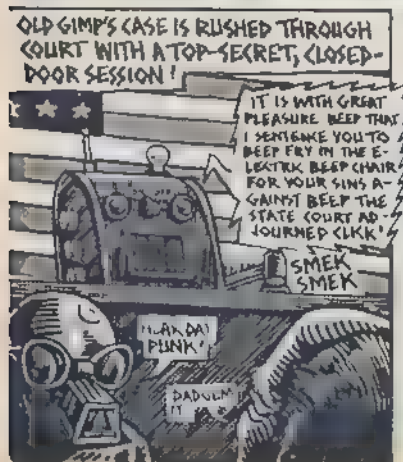
GODDAM MESS (HIC)



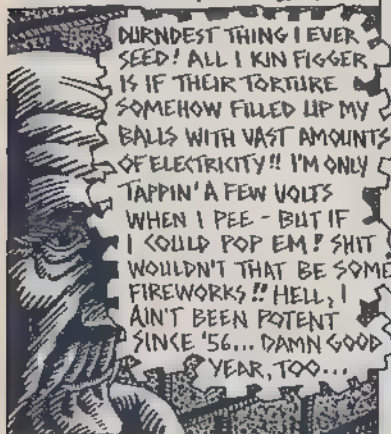
MOTHAFIKKER! TRAPPED!



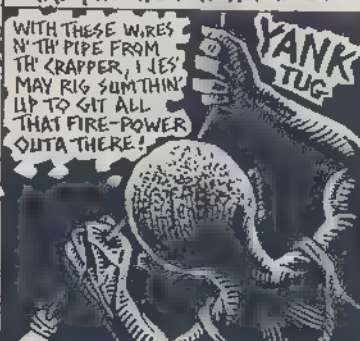
WITHIN SECONDS, THE ENTIRE AREA IS TEEMING WITH
SPECIALLY TRAINED GOVERNMENT FACTFINDERS!



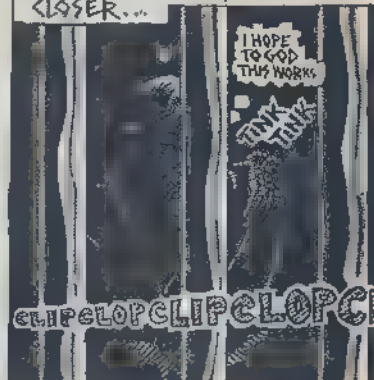
A PRISONER ON DEATH ROW CAN ONLY THINK. THEY SAY A LOT OF MEN FIND THEIR ANSWERS DURING THOSE LAST HOURS— BUT THEN IT'S TOO LATE!



THINKING LEADS TO IDEAS, AND BEFORE LONG, OLD GIMP COMES UP WITH A PLAN! CALLING UPON THE KNOWLEDGE AND RESOURCEFULNESS GAINED FROM 57 YEARS AS A JANITOR, HE DEFTLY ATTACKS THE PLUMBING AND ELECTRICAL FIXTURES OF HIS CELL!



FOR HOURS HE UNCEASINGLY WORKS IN TOTAL DARKNESS. THEN, FINALLY, HE HEARS THEM— A FAINT CRESCENDO OF FOOTSTEPS ECHOING FROM FAR UP THE CORRIDOR— BUT STEADILY GROWING LOUDER, DRAWING CLOSER...



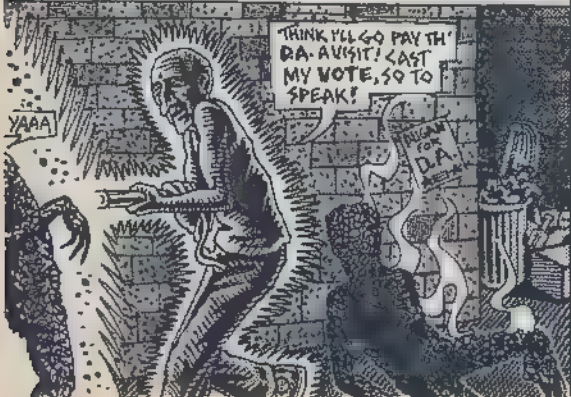
...UNTIL THE SOUND REACHES A CLIMAX AND ABRUPTLY STOPS!



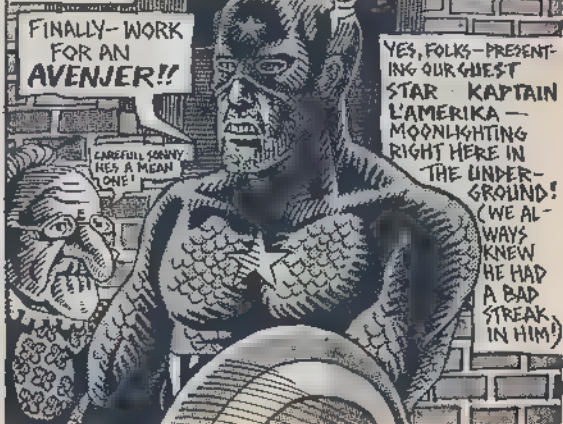
FOR YOU PIGS!!



OLD GIMP QUICKLY MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE PRISON TO THE OUTSIDE, INSINERATING ALL WHO DARE OPPOSE HIM! INTOXICATED WITH FREEDOM AND POWER, HE STALKS OFF THROUGH THE NIGHT, VOWING TO BRING VENGEANCE TO THOSE WHO WOULD HAVE DESTROYED HIM!



BACK AT THE SMOLDERING RUIN THAT WAS ONCE CITY JAIL, THE GOVERNMENT FACTFINDERS ARE AGAIN ON THE JOB! A FEW EYEWITNESSES GIVE FRANTIC ACCOUNTS OF THE INCREDIBLE ESCAPE!

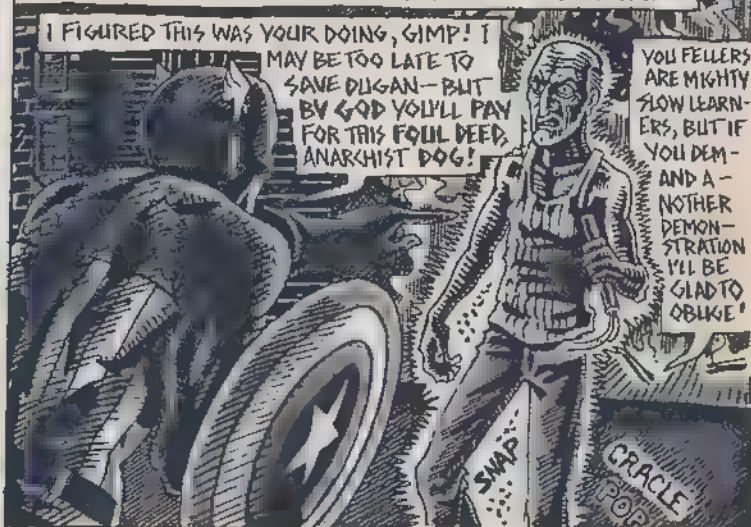


THE MEANER THE BETTER,
GRANNY! WHAT!!
AN EXPLOSION UP-
TOWN— WHERE ALL
THE HEADS OF
STATE RESIDE!



MOMENTS LATER, 'KAP' IS AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!

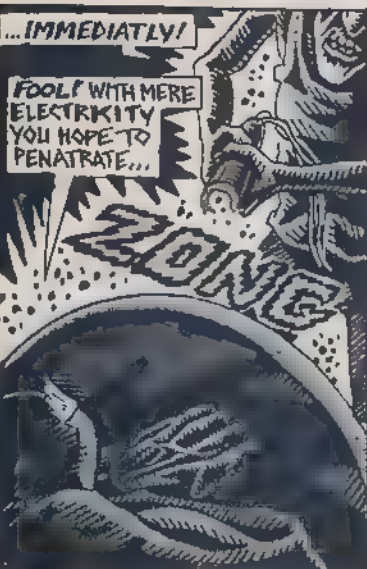
I FIGURED THIS WAS YOUR DOING, GIMP! I
MAY BE TOO LATE TO
SAVE DUGAN— BUT
BY GOD YOU'LL PAY
FOR THIS FOUL DEED,
ANARCHIST DOG!



YOU FELLERS
ARE MIGHTY
SLOW LEARN-
ERS, BUT IF
YOU DEM-
AND A—
NOTHER
DEM—
STRATION
I'LL BE
GLAD TO
OBLIGE!

...IMMEDIATLY!

FOOL! WITH MERE
ELECTRICITY
YOU HOPE TO
PENETRATE...

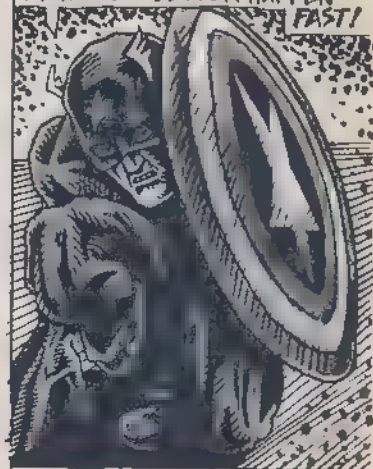


...THE SHIELD OF
KAPTAIN L'AMERIKA!



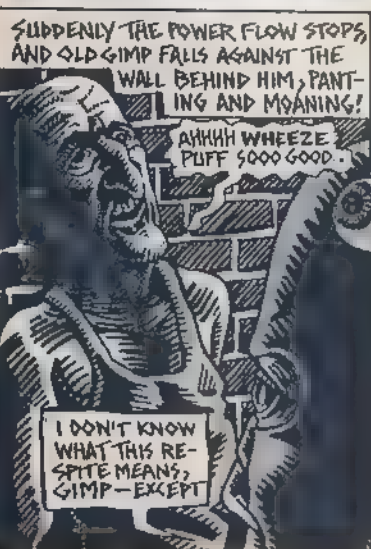
THUNDER! I'M ON
FULL ORGASM AND
HE'S STILL COMIN'!
CAN'T KEEP UP
MUCH LONGER!

INCREDIBLE FORCE— CAN'T MOVE
ANY CLOSER, AND IN TWO SECONDS
MY SHIELD'LL BE TOO HOT TO HOLD!
SOMETHING BETTER HAPPEN—
FAST!



SUDDENLY THE POWER FLOW STOPS,
AND OLD GIMP FALLS AGAINST THE
WALL BEHIND HIM, PANT-
ING AND MOANING!

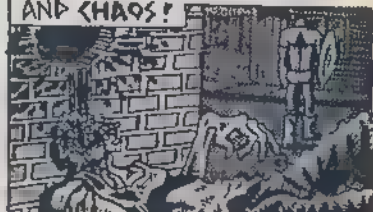
AHHH WHEEZE
PUFF SOOO GOOD...



...AN END TO YOUR
REIGN OF TERROR!!



AND SO OUR STORY ENDS IN THE
TRADITION OF THE GREAT
COMICS CODE! ONCE AGAIN
HAVE THE FORCES OF GOOD
DESTROYED THOSE OF EVIL
AND CHAOS!



BUT ANSWER US THIS, KAPTAIN L'AMER-
IKA, AS YOU LEAVE THIS SCENE
OF CARNAGE— HAD YOU BEEN
THE ONE TO FALL THIS DAY,
WOULD YOU HAVE DIED AS
SATISFIED AS OLD GIMP?
ART & SCRIPT C. DALLAS 71

HOWDY THAR, CITY FOLK—MUH NAME'S OLD NED, BUT FOLK ROUN' DESE POTS CALL ME OL' NE' FUR SHERT! LISETA BE A FARMA HERE, 'FER I GOT SO OLD—STILL, AH WOULDN'T LEAVE TH' CONTREE-SIDE, NOT FER LOVE NER MONEY—GOT MUH ROOTS HERE, YUNO! 'SIDES THAT, CITY FOLK URK ME CONSIDERABLE! DON'T SEEM TA TINK DERE'S NO EXCITMENT OUTSIDE O' DEM DANG BOXPILES! BUT LEMME TELL YA, SONNY—US'N'S GOT'S ALL DE EXCITMENT WE NEED' EH? YA SAY YA DON'T BLEVE DAT? WELL, I'LL JEST GIVE YAS AN EXAMPLE O' WOT AH'M TALKIN' BOUT—THIS'UNS CALLED....

THE HAIRY CLAW OF TOLEN

TOLEN WERN'T MUCH OF A PLACE BACK IN 1890—JEST A ONE HORSE FARMIN' TOWN STUCK WAY BACK IN TH' PEN-SYL-VAN-I-A APLACHINS!



NOW, AH'D BE TH' FUST TA ADMIT THAR WARN'T MUCH TA DO THERE—FACT IS, WARN'T NUTHIN' JA DO—NO ONE ERE CAME N' NO ONE E'RE GOT 'ROUN TA LEAVIN'!

THE LOCALS OCCUPIED THAR' TIME TWO WAYS—THEY FARMED ALL DAY N' FUCKED ALL NIGHT! NOW, SEEIN' AS HOW THERE WAS ONLY BOUT 43 OF 'EM, ALL TOLD, N' MOST ALL WAS RELATED SOME WAY ER NUTHER, CERTAIN COMPLICATIONS WAS BOUND TO ARISE!

LAND O' GOSHEN, LUKE, AH SHORE CAINT WAIT TILL TAN.TE!

SHADUP N' GIT DIGGIN' ELMER

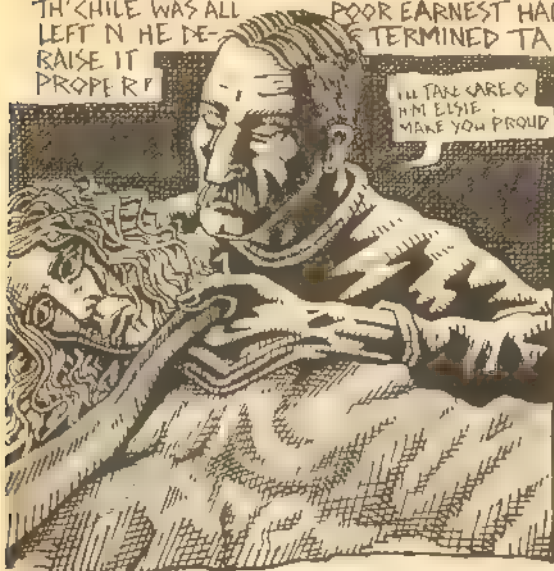
ELSIE! IT'S—IT'S HORRIBLE!

URK MMF PANT

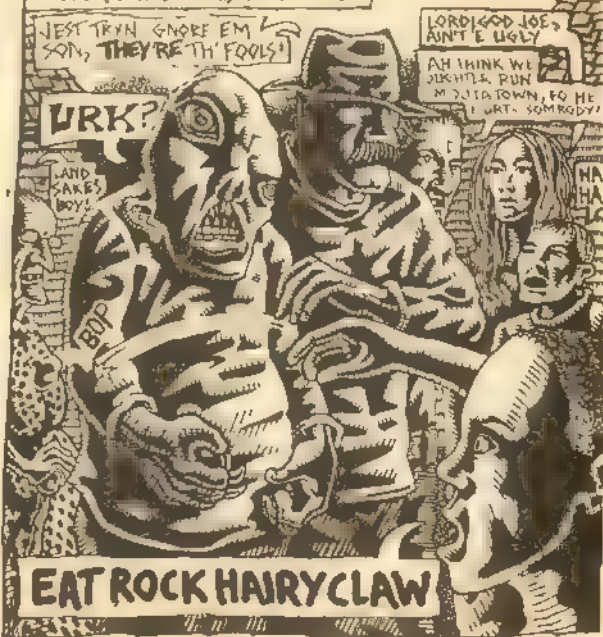


WELL, TH WORST FINALLY HAPENT—TWO COUSINS WOT DONE GOT HITCHED, ELSIE N' EARNEST MARKLE, BRUNG FORTH A CHILE WERN'T NO BETTER LOOKIN' THAN A DAD BLAME MONSTER! CAUSED BY SOME CHRON-A-SOMK QUIRK, FOLKSAID!

ELSIE DIED FROM DELIVERIN A 29 POUND BABY.
TH' CHILE WAS ALL POOR EARNEST HAD
LEFT N HE DE-TERMINED TA
RAISE IT PROPER!



YUNG MARKLE GROWED SO FAST HE WAS NEAR
TALL'S EARNEST BY TH' TIME HE WAS 5'
TH' TOWNFOLK DINT ACCEP'T H'M N KEPT
NO SECRET ABOUT IT!



COURSE EARNEST MARKLE COULDN'T AFFORD
HIGH-CLASS DOCTERIN FER TH' BOY, N AS
YUNG GOT OLDER HE GOT UGLIER - N
TH' TOWNFOLK GOT MEANER! YUNG'S
HATRED FOR THEM GROWED UNTIL HE
COULDN'T KEEP IT IN 'IM NO LONGER!
ONE NIGHT - AH TINK 'E WAS BOUT 17
AT TH' TIME - HE EXERCISED HIS RAGE
ON HIS CHIEF TORMENTERS PRIZE HUNT
IN' DOG!



NOW IF THEM FOKS HAD RE-LIZED
HOW STRONG N FAST THIS BOY
WAS, THEY MITA MINDED THAR
MANNERS A BIT! 'FOR OL' SIMP-
SON KNEW WOT HIT 'IM, YUNG'D
BURST OUTA TH' DARK, NOKED
IM DOWN LIKE HE WAS A BLADE O'
GRASS, N' ESCAPED THRU TH' TREES!



SAME DOG THAT
HAD BEEN ORDER-
ED TO ATTACK HIM
ON TH MAIN STREET
O' TOWN THET AF-
TERNOON YUNG
DARN'T A FOLIGHT BACK THEN!

THO' HE DN'T SEE NUTHIN', SIMPSON NATCHERLY FIGGERED T'WAS YUNG MARKLE WOT HAD KILT HIS DAWG! HE GATHERED UP ALL TH' NEIGHBOR- IN' MENFOLK 'N' TOLD WOT'D HAPPENT!



AHM TELLIN' A BOYS IF N AH WERN T SO FAST THEY AH OUT MANUVERED 'IM, SAME TH NC WOLDA HAFENT TA ME!

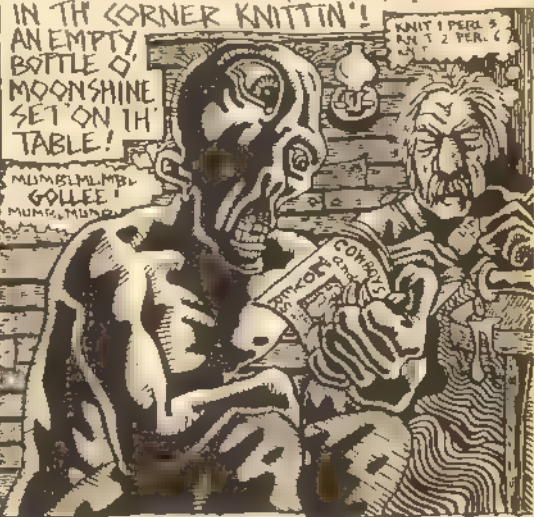
BY THUNDER, THE T BOYS GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME!

AWSH

MEANWHAL, T'WAS JEST ANOTHA QUIET EVENIN' AT TH' MARKLE SHACK! YUNG WERN'T WERRIED ER NOTHIN LIKE THET CAUSE HE DINT FIGGER 'E DONE NOTHIN' WRONG - JEST KILLED A MEAN DAWG WOT HAD BEEN PERSISTENTLY ATTACK- IN' HIM - EVEN WHEN SIMPSON COME OUT 'E DINT LISE HIS CLAW ON 'IM - JES KNOCKED IM QUTER HIS WAY, NICE N EASY! WELL ANYWHO, YUNG WAS READDIN' ONE O' THEM DIME WESTERN NOVELS - OL' EARNEST WAS SITTIN IN TH' CORNER KNITTIN'!

AN EMPTY BOTTLE O' MOONSHINE SET ON TH' TABLE!

KNIT 1 PERL 5 KNIT 2 PERL 6



MUMBLEMBL GOLLEE! MUMBLEMBL



KRESH

JUMPIN JEE- HOPFAT - AH DROPPED A STITCH!



BEST (GRUNT) SEE WOT IN TAR NATION ALL THIS COMOTION'S BOIT! LORDY, YUNG TH' WHOLE DAYUM TOWN'S OUT THAR!



THE CRITTER O YOUR'N DONE THET TA ME DOG MARKLE N WE COME TA SEE HE DON'T DO NUTHIN LIKE THET AGIN!

YAL HAVE TAKE ME FIRST, SIMPSON!



NHURF

NO TROUBLE ATALL, OLD TIMER!



GIT READY,
CLAW-YER
NEXT!!

YEW BOYS SROUND
TH' PLAKE - I'M
GOIN IN AFTER IM!



W-WHERE
YA HIDIN',
CLAW?



RORR

GAAA

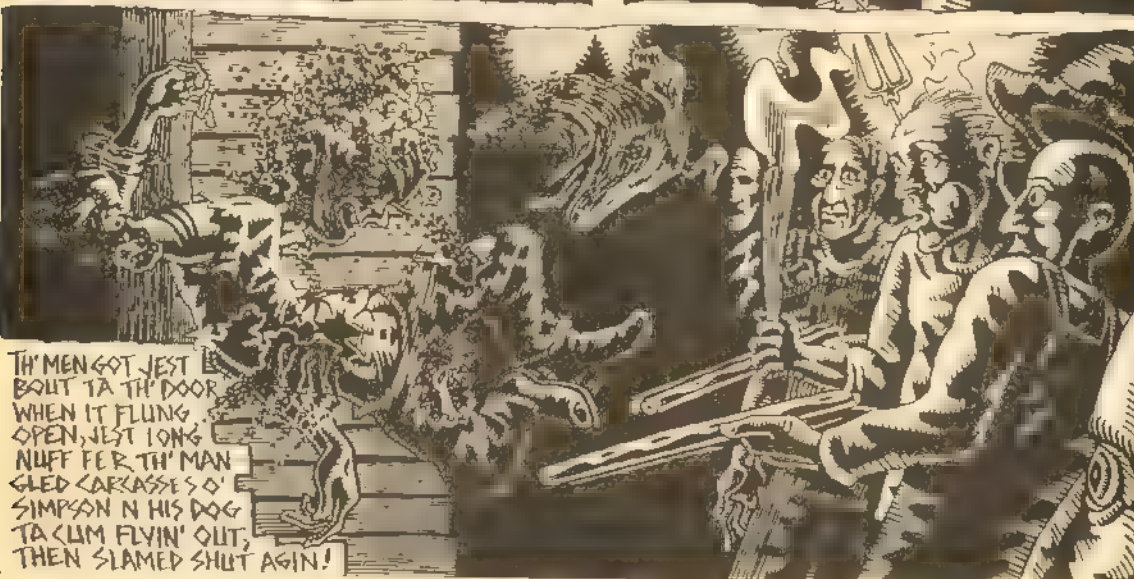


YUNG WAS MIGHTY RILED BY THEN -
OL' SIMPSON NE'ER HAD A CHANCE!

EEYIIII RRRG
BLAARG SNORT
AAAAA

WODYA RESKON'S
GOIN ON IN THAR
CLEMP?

SOUNDS TA ME
LAK SIMPSON
MAY NEED A
HAND!



TH' MEN GOT JEST
BOUT TA TH' DOOR
WHEN IT FLUNG
OPEN, JEST LONG
NUFF FER TH' MAN
GLED CARCASSES O'
SIMPSON N HIS DOG
TA CUM FLYIN' OUT,
THEN SLAMED SHUT AGIN!

WELL, THAT UH GESTURE CHANGED A FEW MINDS, ALL REET? HEE HEE

PPA! I AIN'T GOIN IN THAR!

I AIN'T NEETHA, SON! CHOKE

AH SEZ WE BURN IM OUT!

THAS UH GOOD IDEE BY ME!

THEY PUT TH' TORCH TU THET OL' SHACK N SHE BLEW UP LAK DRY KINDLIN'!

THEY WATCHED THAT BLAZE TILL MORNIN, WHEN SHE FINALLY SMOLDERED OUT, BUT NO ONE SEED TH' CLAW LEAVE - THEY FIGGERED HE'D FRYED FER SURE N' SET ABOUT FINDIN' HIS CARCASS IN TH' RUIN!

M-MAX! AH TINK AH FOUND SUMPIN! LOOKY HERE!

NOW - THE'S JEST TH' OL' MAN! AH DON'T GIT IT - THET CLAW AIN'T NO-WHERE TA BE FOUND!!

HEY BOYS! HERE'S TH' ANSWER!

I'LL BE DAMNED IF N' THEI SUNVABITCH DINT DKG HISSSELF OUT RAT UN- DER R NOSES! ELSE THEY HAD UH TRAPDOOR!

WOUNTA BEEN HARD WITH HIS CLAW!

HUFF PANT

YEP, BY THET TIME YUNG WAS FIFTEEN MILE ER SO OUTA TOLEN, DEEP IN TH' WOODS WHER NOBODY'D FIND IM

WAHL, NONE O' THEM TOLENITES WAS TOO ANXIOUS TA GO CRAWLIN DOWN THAR AFTER IM, SO THEY RECKONED THEY'D PUT IN OH FULL NIGHT AN' WENT HOME! CUPLA WEEKS LATER THEY GOT ROLIND TA TALKIN' BOUT ORGANIZIN' A SEARCH PARTY BUT NUTHIN ERE COME OF IT! TRUTH IS, WHEN CLAW DINT CLIM BACK AFTER 'EM, THEY ALL KINDA LOST INTERST IN TH' WHOLE AFFAIR - WHICH WAS FINE BY YUNG, WHO WAS HAVIN' A HIGH TIME UP THAR IN THEM MOUNTAINS, LIVING TH' GOOD LIFE! SO IT WENT FER TH' NEXT FIFTY YEARS - NO ONE HERD NARY A HOOT FROM TOLEN OR YUNG! THEN ONE SUMMER DAY, THINGS CHANGED - YUNG WAS LAYIN' UP AGAINST A TREE SNOOZIN'. RIGHT UP THAR IN YEARS HE WAS TOO, BUT HE WERN'T NONE TH WORSE FER IT.

... HE DINT SEE THET RABID FOX THAR, CREEPIN' UP BESIDE 'IM!



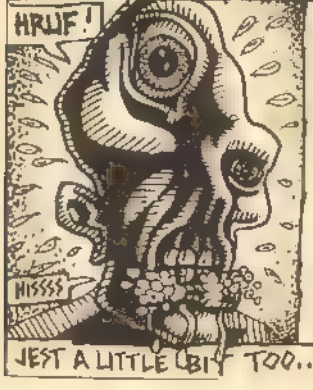
SANK THEM CHOPPERS RAT IN YUNG'S LEG, 'E DID!



WELL, THET FOX MET TH' SAME SWEET JUSTICE AS SIMPSON N HIS DAWG, ONLY THIS TIME...



...SHE BALANCED HER SCALE...



TH' GERM TOOK EFFECT IMMEDIATELY - YUNG, HELLBENT TA SINK HIS TEETH IN TH' FIRST THING 'E SAW, STUMBLER DOWN TH' MOUNTAIN LOOKIN' FER PREY!



ONLY FATE COULDA HAD IT THET TH' FIRST PLACE HE COME TO THET DAY WAS...



IF'N HE'D A BEEN IN HIS RITE MIND, I'M SURE
YUNG WOULD'A JEST WALKED OUTA THAR--
HE HAD NO QUARREL WITH TOLEN SIMPSON
'N' HIM'D SETTLED THAT SCORE LONG AGO!
BUT RAVIN' MAD LAK HE WAS, 'TH' CLAW' DINT
EVEN RECOGNIZE TH' PLACE ' HE MIGHT NOT
HAVE ANYWAY, 'CAUSE 'TWERN'T TH' SAME AT
ALL-- DINT LOOK LAK NOBODY'D LIVED THAR
IN A MONTH O' SUNDAYS!

YUNG SPOOD THAR
FER THE LONGEST
TIME, BELLERIN'
OUT HIS CHALLENGE
FER ANY WHO'D
HEAR IT!

THEN A NUTHER STARTED
UP, AND A NUTHER,
TILL THEY WAS ALL
STANDIN AGAPE!

ROWR

AT LENGTH, ONE O THEM
BATTERED DOORS BE-
GUN TO CREAK OPEN!

SCREEEE

GRUNT

RUMMF

KACHOMP!

CRUNCH

SPLAT

**AWK?
YERK!**

B'FORE OL' YUNG EVEN KNEWED WOT WAS HAR-
PENIN', THEM TOLENITES WAS ON 'IM--'N'
WOT A MEAN HUNGRY BUNCH THEY
WAS, TOO! PICKED THEM BONES CLEAN
FASTER THAN YA COULD SAY BILLY B'DAMN-
ED! SEEMS THET THEM FOLKS WHO'D BAT-
TLED 'TH' CLAW DINT LEARN NUTHIN'
FROM TH' WHOLE EXPERIENCE, NEVER SUS-
PECTED IT WAS THEM JUGGLED CHRON-E-

SOMES WOT MADE HIM SO
BLAMED UGLY! THEY JEST
KEPT FUCKIN' THAR KIN-
FOLK LAK ALWAYS! TH'
YUNG'UNS GROWED UP
FAST N' BIG, N' DIED
EARLY! DURIN' TH' FIFTY
YEARS YUNG WAS HIDIN',
TOLEN SEEN FIFTEEN
GENERATIONS, EACH
ONE WIERDER THAN TH'
ONE B'FORE IT! PURTY
SOON WERN'T NO ONE
LEFT 'CEPT TH' CREW O'
MONSTERS YUNG RUN
UP AGINST! WELP, T-
WERN'T TOO LONG AFTER
THAT TH' OUTSIDE FOLKS
CAME IN, BUILT A ROAD
THRU TOLEN-- THE TO-
LENITES FOLLERED YUNG'S
LEAD N' TOOK TA TH'
HILLS! THEY'RE STILL UP
THAR TOO, ROBBIN' LIVE-
STOCK TA GIT BY! TAKE
HEED, ALL YOU WEEKEND
NATURE LOVERS-- THARS
VERY FEW WHO'VE GOT

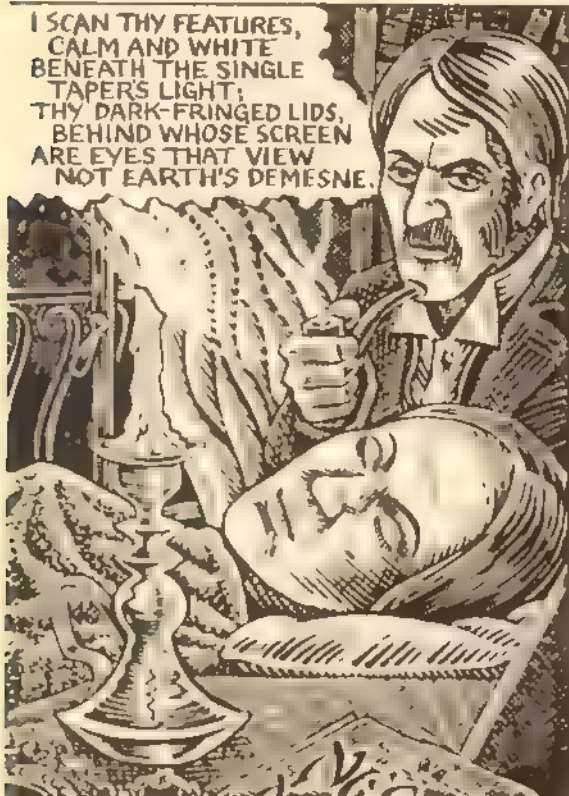
LOST IN THEM APLACHINS N' COME OUT TA TELL A
BOUT IT! WELL-- AH'L BE SEEIN' YA' XXX OL'NE'
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To A Dreamer

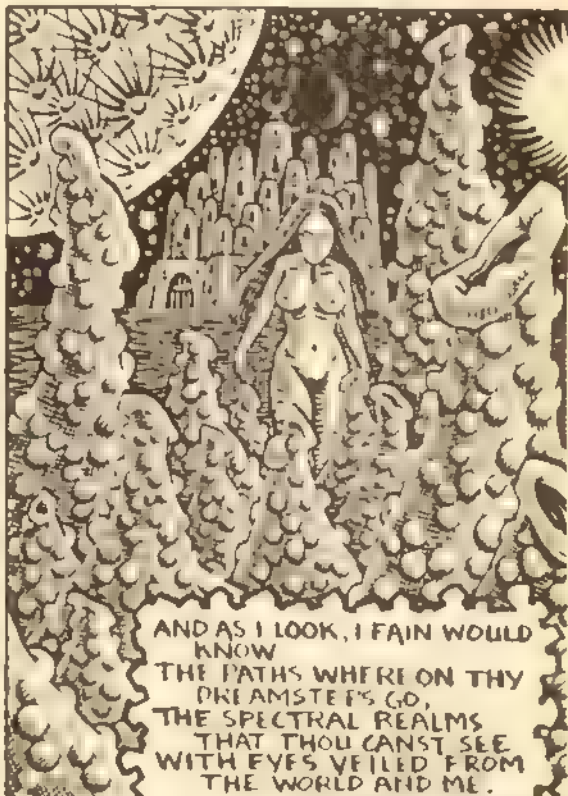
Poem by H. P. Lovecraft

Graphic Interpretation - C. Dallas

I SCAN THY FEATURES,
CALM AND WHITE
BENEATH THE SINGLE
TAPER'S LIGHT;
THY DARK-FRINGED LIDS,
BEHIND WHOSE SCREEN
ARE EYES THAT VIEW
NOT EARTH'S DEMESNE.



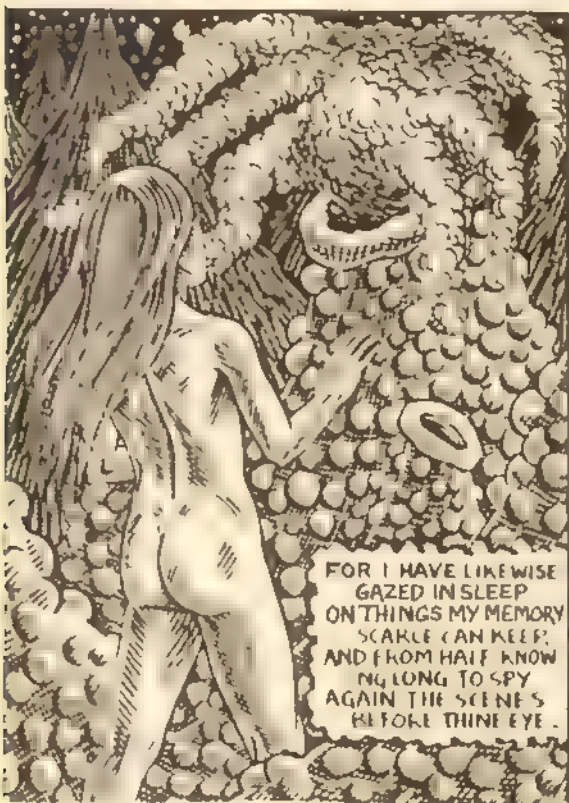
AND AS I LOOK, I FAIN WOULD
KNOW
THE PATHS WHERE ON THY
DREAMSTEPS GO,
THE SPECTRAL REALMS
THAT THOU CANST SEE
WITH EYES VEILED FROM
THE WORLD AND ME.



I, TOO, HAVE KNOWN
THE PEAKS OF THOK,
THE VALES OF PNATH
WHERE DREAM SHAELS FLOCK,
THE VAULTS OF ZIN—
AND WELL I TROW
WHY THOU DEMAND'ST
THAT TAPER'S GLOW.



FOR I HAVE LIKEWISE
GAZED IN SLEEP
ON THINGS MY MEMORY
SCARCE CAN KEEP,
AND FROM HALF KNOW
NO LONG TO SPY
AGAIN THE SCENES
BEFORE THINE EYE.



BUT WHAT IS THIS THAT SUBTLY SLIPS
OVER THY FACE AND FAKED LIES?
WHAT FEAR DISTRACTS THY MIND
AND HEART,
THAT DROPS MUST FROM THY
FOREHEAD START?



OLD VISIONS WAKE - THINE OPENING EYES
GLEAM BLACK WITH CLOUDS OF OTHER SKIES,

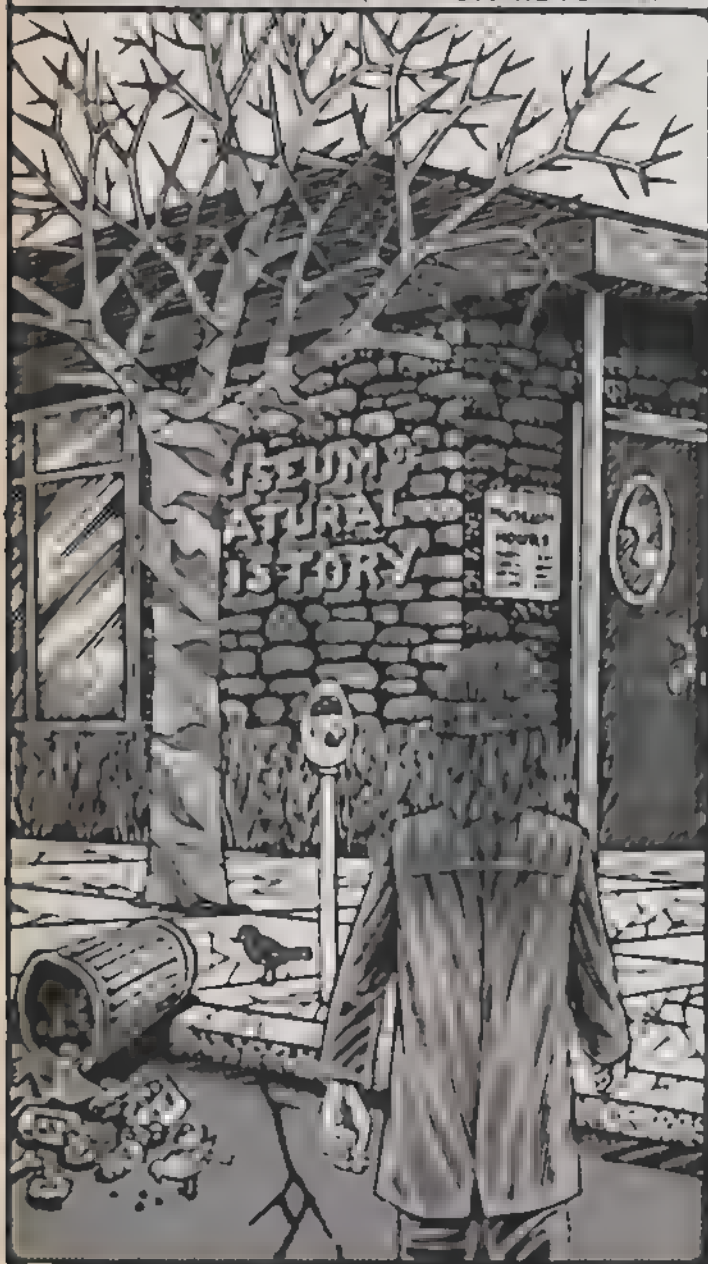


AND AS FROM SOME DEMONIC SIGHT
I FLEE INTO THE HAUNTED NIGHT.

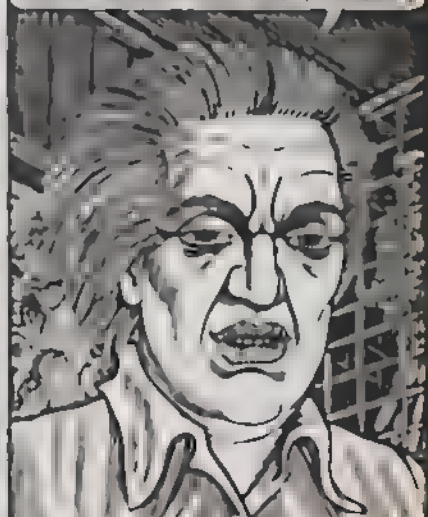


CALL OF THE WILD

ON HIS FREQUENT EXCURSIONS TO CITY PARK ERNIE OFTEN VISITED A SMALL NATURE MUSEUM. IT WAS A CHAMBER OF HORRORS FOR HIM, BUT HE SEEMED DRAWN THERE BY SOME STRANGE, COMPELLING FORCE.



HELLO ERNIE! HOW ARE YATODAY?



I'M OKAY MISS MILLER



HE HATED THE OLD LADY WHO RAN THE PLACE. TO THE LIVE ANIMALS IMPRISONED THERE SHE WAS A CRUEL AND SADISTIC TYRANT.



STRIFE WAS CONSTANT-
-EVEN AT FEEDING
TIME THE ANIMALS
PREFERRED MISS
MILLER'S GLOVED
HAND TO THE WRET-
CHED FOOD IT
OFFERED.

GO AHEAD-BITE ME!
SEE WHERE IT GETS
YA!



THEY WOULD EXPLODE INTO RAGE AS SHE
PASSED BY—HURLING THEMSELVES
AGAINST THE BARS IN A FRENZIED
ATTEMPT TO GET AT HER.

GIDDOWN, YOU
LOUSY VARMIT!

IF THE ANIMAL BECAME TOO FRANTIC
SHE'D FETCH HER STICK AND
BEAT HIM INTO PASSIVITY.



TAKE THAT,
UNGRA-
FUL BEAST!
YOU'D BE
DEAD IF I
WASN'T LOOK-
ING AFTER YA!

CRACK

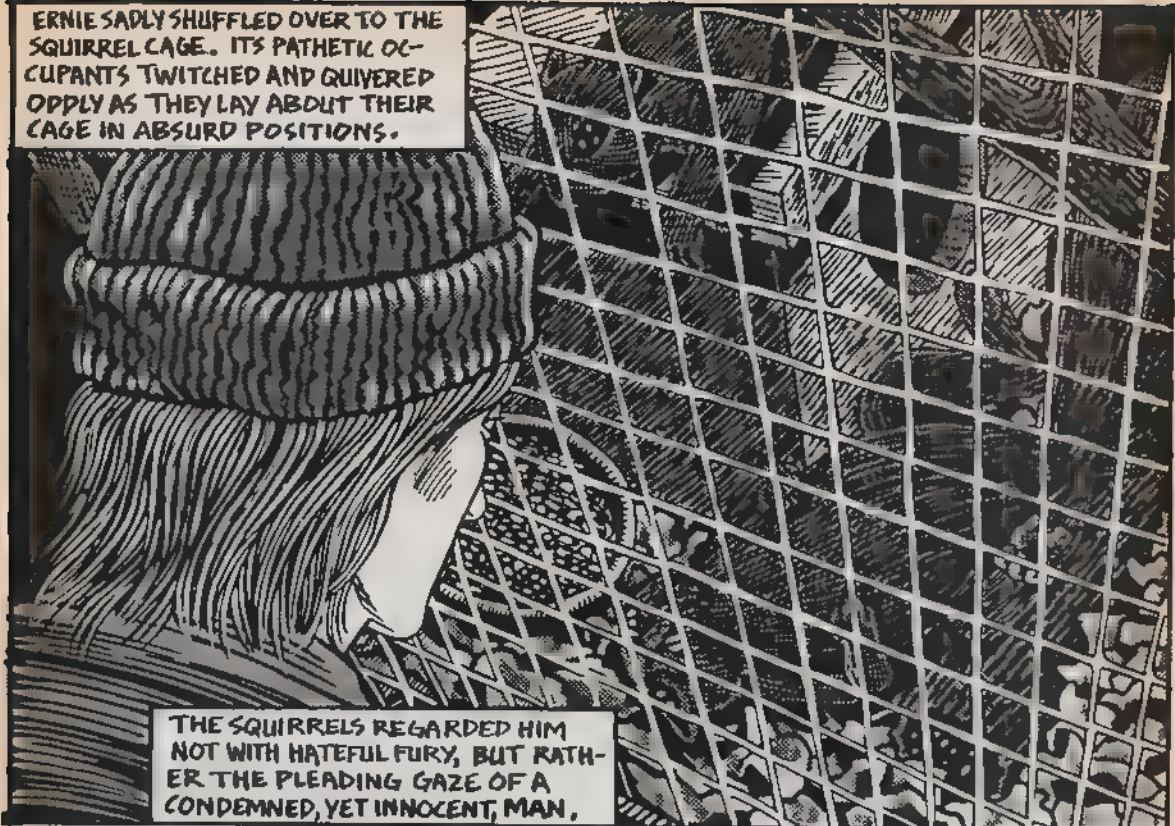
MAYBE HE'D RATH-
ER BE DEAD...

MISS MILLER'S POWER WAS ABSOLUTE-
AND SHE'D BECOME CRAZED BY IT.

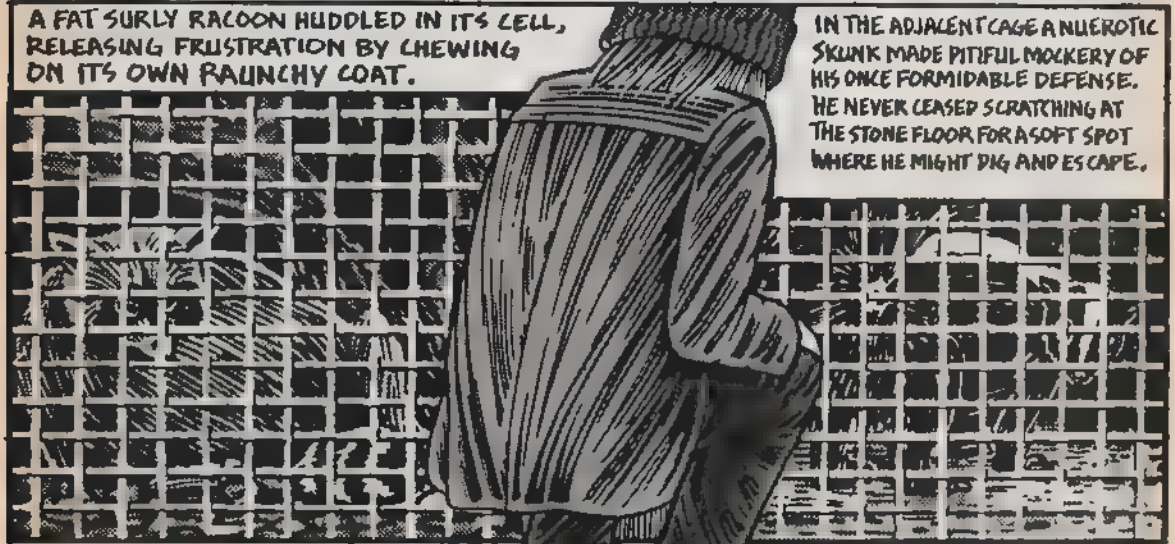


YOU'D DO
WELL TO GET
USED TO THE
IDEA THAT
YOU'RE GON-
NA ROT IN
THAT CAGE!

ERNIE SADLY SHUFFLED OVER TO THE SQUIRREL CAGE. ITS PATHETIC OCCUPANTS TWITCHED AND QUIVERED OPPLY AS THEY LAY ABOUT THEIR CAGE IN ABSURD POSITIONS.



THE SQUIRRELS REGARDED HIM NOT WITH HATEFUL FURY, BUT RATHER THE PLEADING GAZE OF A CONDEMNED, YET INNOCENT, MAN.



A FAT SURLY RACCOON HUDDLED IN ITS CELL, RELEASING FRUSTRATION BY CHEWING ON ITS OWN RAUNCHY COAT.

IN THE ADJACENT CAGE A NEROTIC SKUNK MADE PITIFUL MOCKERY OF HIS ONCE FORMIDABLE DEFENSE. HE NEVER CEASED SCRATCHING AT THE STONE FLOOR FOR A SOFT SPOT WHERE HE MIGHT DIG AND ESCAPE.



A CAPTIVE ARMY OF TURTLES PRESSED AGAINST THEIR UN-SEEN BARRIER, HOPING THEIR COMBINED EFFORT MIGHT TOPPLE IT.

THERE WERE BIRDS, TOO — OWLS, BUZZARDS, AND HAWKS CONSTANTLY SCANNING THE TINY, GLASS-FRONTED CUBICLES TO WHICH THEY'D BEEN RELEGATED — EVER SEARCHING FOR ONE TINY FLAW THAT MIGHT OFFER AN ESCAPE.



THE OLD LADY'S KEYS!



FILTHY RO-
DENT! DON'T
YOU
GROWL
AT ME!



THESE NOBLE AERONAUTS, SNATCHED FROM THEIR FREE AND OPEN REALM, WERE MOST TRAGIC OF ALL. UN-USED MUSCLES, NEVER A-GAIN TO SOAR ABOVE THE WIND, COULD ONLY TWITCH SPASTI-CALLY.

SO LONG,
MISS MILLER.

GRUMBLE-
EH?

WEDDING
RING
IT WAS A
MISTAKE

GOOD NIGHT, YA FLEA-
RIDDEN GEEKS!..
I DO WONDER WHERE
THEM EXTRA KEYS
WENT...

...HELL, THEY'LL
PROBABLY TURN
UP AT HOME...
GRUMBLE, MUTTER...

QUIET YOU GUYS—
I'M GONNA LIBRATE
YA!

ERNIE PASSED QUICKLY FROM CAGE TO CAGE, UNLOCKING EACH ONE. THE FREED ANIMALS FOLLOWED HIM ABOUT, COOING SOFTLY, RUBBING AGAINST HIM, AND ALLOWING THEMSELVES TO BE PETTED. FOR THE FIRST TIME THE TINY MUSEUM VIBRATED WITH LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING.

COME ON NOW-
WE WON'T HURT
YA!

BUT STILL THERE WAS SOME-
THING AMISS - SOME-
THING UNRESOLVED. (5

ERNIE OPENED SOME BACK WINDOWS
BUT THE ANIMALS STUBBORNLY
REFUSED TO LEAVE.

FEARFUL OF DISCOVERY, ERNIE HIMSELF USED
THE ESCAPE ROUTE, HOPING THEY WOULD
FOLLOW BEFORE MORNING—



—AND
THE ARRIVAL
OF MISS MILLER!



GAAAA

SUDDENLY THEY WERE UPON HER ——— A FRENZIED WAVE OF RIPPING TALONS, BEAKS, CLAWS, AND TEETH.



THE
MUSE-
UM'S FIRST
VISITOR WAS
ERNIE, ANXIOUS
TO SEE IF HIS REVO-
LUTION HAD SUCCEEDED.

CC

IT WAS QUIET AS A TOMB, EXCEPT FOR THE STEADY DRONE OF FLIES AS THEY POURED THROUGH STILL-OPEN WINDOWS. BLOOD AND ANIMAL DUNG COVERED THE FLOOR...



THE CAGES REMAINED UNLOCKED, BUT WERE NO LONGER VACANT - WITHIN EACH ONE RESTED A CRUDELY SEVERED PIECE OF MISS MILLER'S BODY! ERNIE WAS PREPARED FOR SUCH A SIGHT BUT, EVEN SO, FEAR AND REVULSION CURDLED HIS INSIDES AS HE WENT ABOUT REPLACING EACH PADLOCK HE'D REMOVED THE NIGHT BEFORE.



RETURNING HOME, ERNIE WASN'T SURPRIZED TO FIND SEVERAL OF HIS COMRADES SPLATTERED ACROSS THE ROADS - IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED. BUT AS THE OWL HAD ONCE TOLD HIM; FAR BETTER TO DIE FREE... THAN LIVE IN A NATURE MUSEUM.

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END.

NITELIFER

ART: C. DALLAS - SCRIPT: C. & S. DALLAS

IT'S BEEN A LONG, DULL NIGHT OF MIND-NUMBING TELEVISION. YOU NEED A DRINK AND A WOMAN.

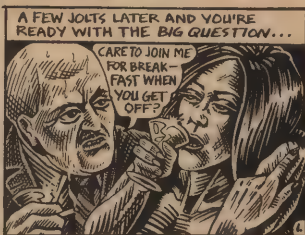


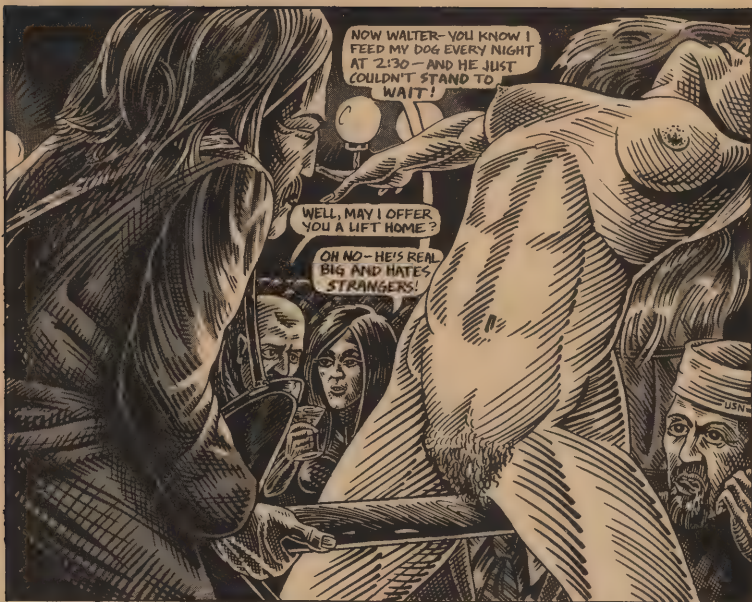
HUMMMMMMMMM



YOU CURSE THIS SEXLESS LIFE AND WHATEVER FORCES BIND YOU TO IT.

NOT THAT YOU DON'T KNOW ANY WOMEN—THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS! AND IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL ONE OF THEM GIVES IN—ISN'T IT?

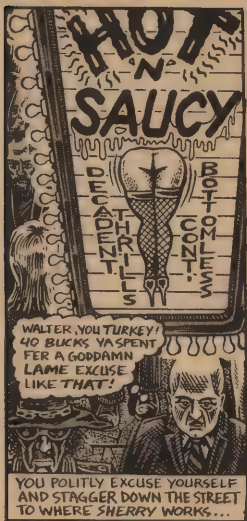




NOW WALTER—YOU KNOW I
FEED MY DOG EVERY NIGHT
AT 2:30—AND HE JUST
COULDN'T STAND TO
WAIT!

WELL, MAY I OFFER
YOU A LIFT HOME?

OH NO—HE'S REAL
BIG AND HATES
STRANGERS!



**HOT
SAUCY**

DEATH RILL
BOTH NO LEM
CUT-NO LEM
CUT-NO LEM

WALTER YOU TURKEY!
40 BUCKS YA SPENT
FER A GODDAMN
LAME EXCUSE
LIKE THAT!

YOU POLITLY EXCUSE YOURSELF
AND STAGGER DOWN THE STREET
TO WHERE SHERRY WORKS...



SHERRY: HEY, COME
TALK TO ME FOR A
WHILE!

SHERRY & SORA
COOLIN' UP!

HI WALTER—LISTEN,
THIS GUY'S BUYIN'
ME A LOTTA DRINKS
AND...



IS HE BUYING QUARTS OF
CHAMPAGNE?

WHY NO, WALTER
HONEY—LEAD THE
WAY!

YOU TALK ABOUT YOURSELF FOR HOURS AND THE PAIN VANISHES. SHERRY'S SO UNDERSTANDING - DIFFERENT FROM THE REST. IF YOU COULD LOVE ANY OF THEM IT WOULD BE SHE.



SOMETIMES IT'D SURE BE NICE TO HAVE A WOMAN THOUGH... YOU WOULDN'T BE DOING ANYTHING LATER ON WOULD YA?



UH... NO - BUT I HAVE TO GO HOME FIRST - CALL ABOUT 2:30, LOVE. HERES THE NUMBER.

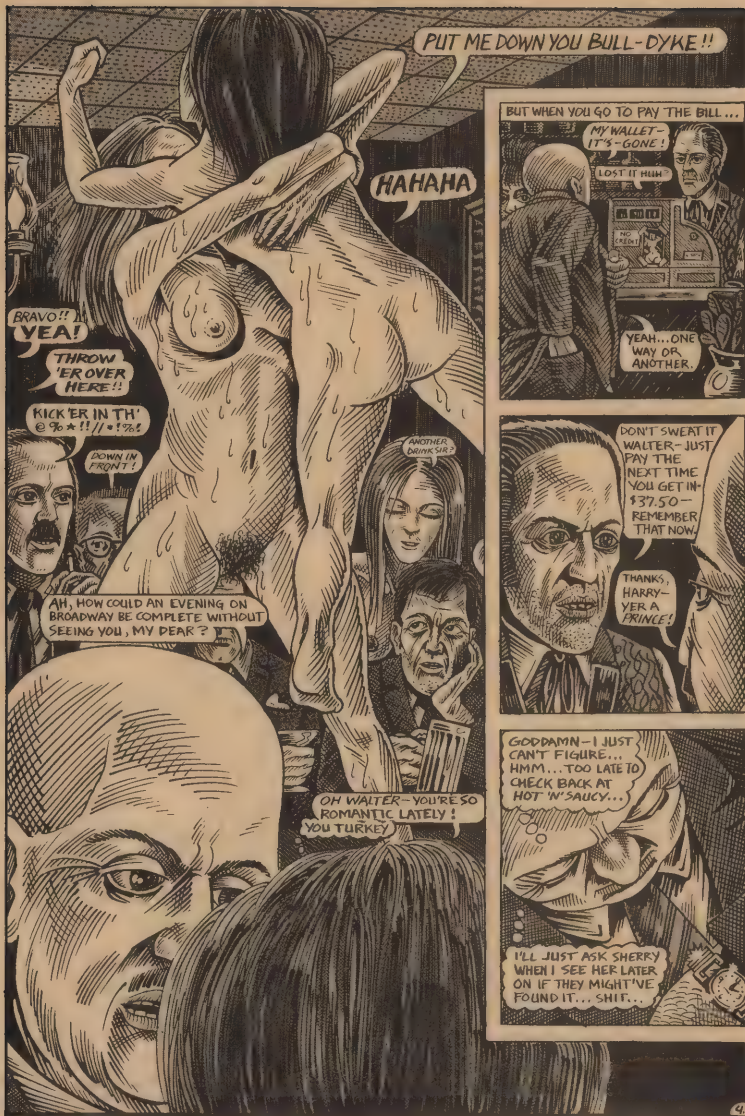


YOU HIT THE STREET AGAIN, THIS TIME IN HIGHER SPIRITS.



THERE'S STILL AN HOUR UNTIL CLOSING AND YOU DECIDE TO SPEND IT CELEBRATING WITH ROXANNE.





PUT ME DOWN YOU BULL-DYKE!!

HAHAHA

BRAVO!!
YEA!

THROW
'ER OVER
HERE!!

KICK 'ER IN TH'
@%*!!//%*!!

DOWN IN
FRONT!

AH, HOW COULD AN EVENING ON
BROADWAY BE COMPLETE WITHOUT
SEEING YOU, MY DEAR?

ANOTHER
DRINK SIR?

OH WALTER - YOU'RE SO
ROMANTIC LATELY!
YOU TURKEY

BUT WHEN YOU GO TO PAY THE BILL ...

MY WALLET -
IT'S GONE!

LOST IT HIM

YEAH... ONE
WAY OR
ANOTHER.

DON'T SWEAT IT
WALTER - JUST
PAY THE
NEXT TIME
YOU GET IN
\$37.50 -
REMEMBER
THAT NOW.

THANKS,
HARRY -
YER A
FRINCE!

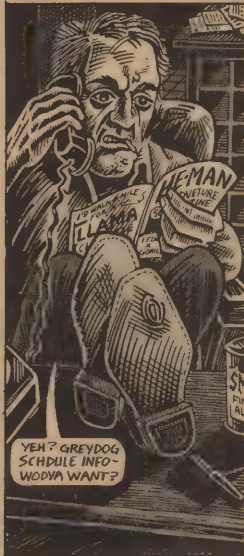
GODDAMN - I JUST
CAN'T FIGURE...
HMM... TOO LATE TO
CHECK BACK AT
HOT 'N' SAUCY...

I'LL JUST ASK SHERRY
WHEN I SEE HER LATER
ON IF THEY MIGHT'VE
FOUND IT... SHIT...

YOU RETURN TO YOUR CAR AND HEAD FOR HOME, SPIRITS DAMPENED BUT NO LESS ANXIOUS FOR YOUR DATE WITH SHERRY.



TWO THIRTY ARRIVES. FINGERS TREMBLING WITH ANTICIPATION, YOU DIAL HER NUMBER.



YOUR LAST HOPE SHATTERED, YOU SLOWLY BUT DELIBERATELY CROSS THE ROOM...



... AND EXTRACT FROM AN UPPER LEFT-HAND DRAWER...



... A GLEAMING IRON DEALER OF DEATH!



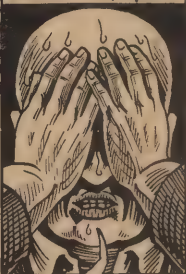
YOU SEAT YOURSELF AND PRESS IT'S ICY TIP TO YOUR TEMPLE.



PLAM

BUT YOU HESITATE - AND PONDER THE CONSEQUENCES OF SUCH AN ACT...

... AND HAVING DONE SO, CANNOT PULL THE TRIGGER. YOU'VE NEVER HAD THE NERVE - TONIGHT IS NO DIFFERENT. TOMORROW YOU'LL TRY AGAIN.



GOD HELP ME - I-I CAN'T DO IT!

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...



GET MANY CREEPS IN TONIGHT, SHERRY?

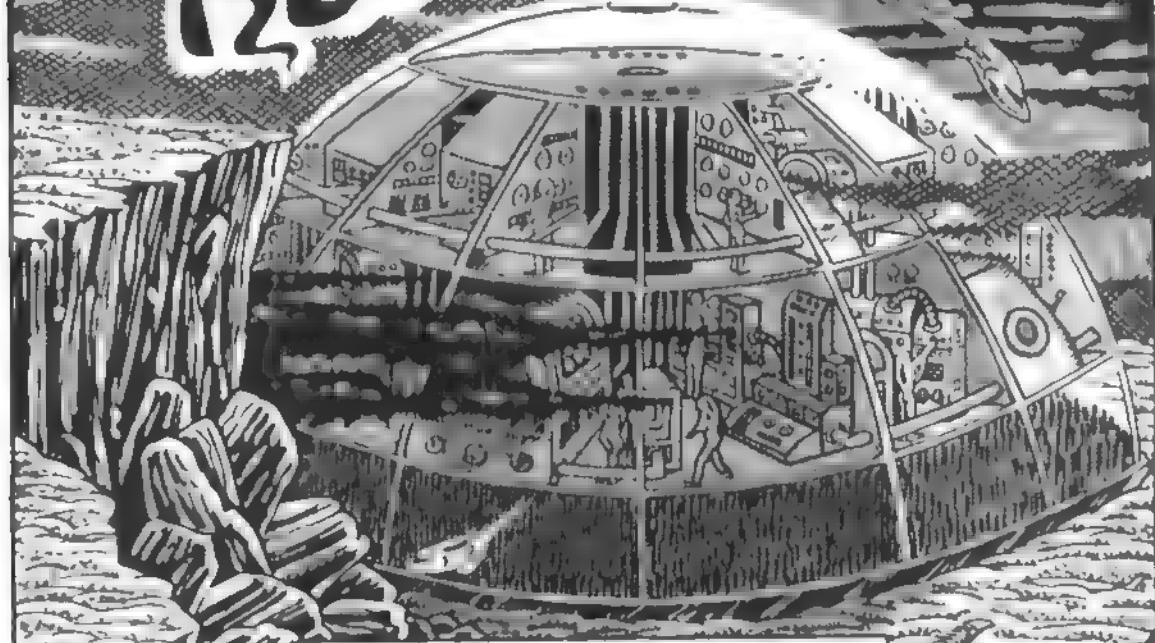
MMMM... THE USUAL, Y'KNOW. I GAVE 'EM ALL THE NUMBER OF THE BUS DEPOT 'HEN - AHHHHHH

HA HA - WAS 'OL FAITHFULL' IN?



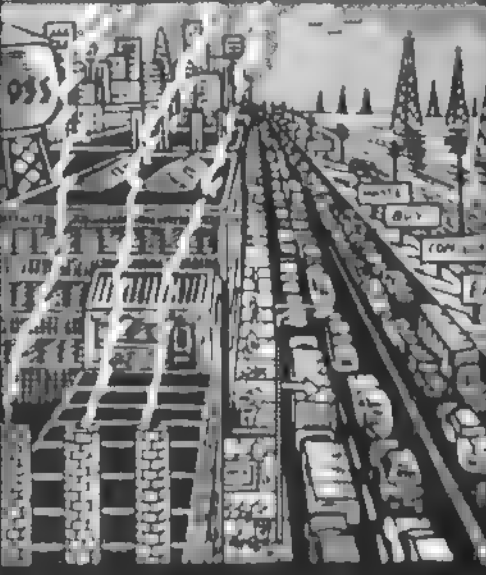
WHO - WALTER? SURE, IT'S TUESDAY NIGHT ISN'T IT? I GOT HIS WALLET AGAIN, TOO. POOR CHUMP JUST KEEPS COMIN' BACK FOR MORE!

RECYCLED



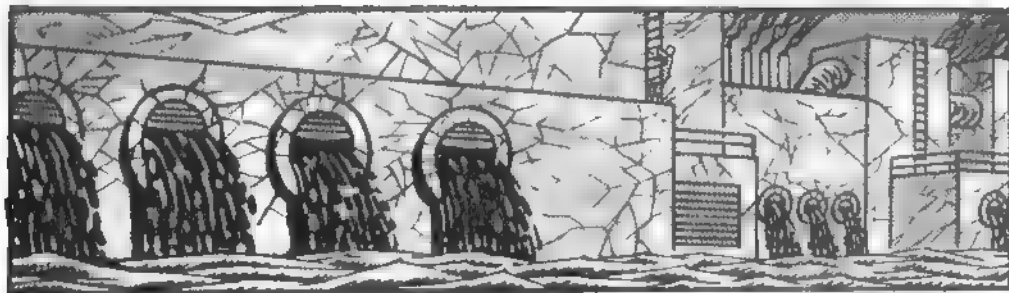
JUST AS MAN EVOLVED FROM THE LESSER CREATURES OF THE LAND, SO DID HE FROM THOSE OF THE SEA.

THOUGH BOTH SPECIES DEVELOPED HIGHLY TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETIES, THE LAND DWELLERS WERE GREEDY AND WAR-LIKE.



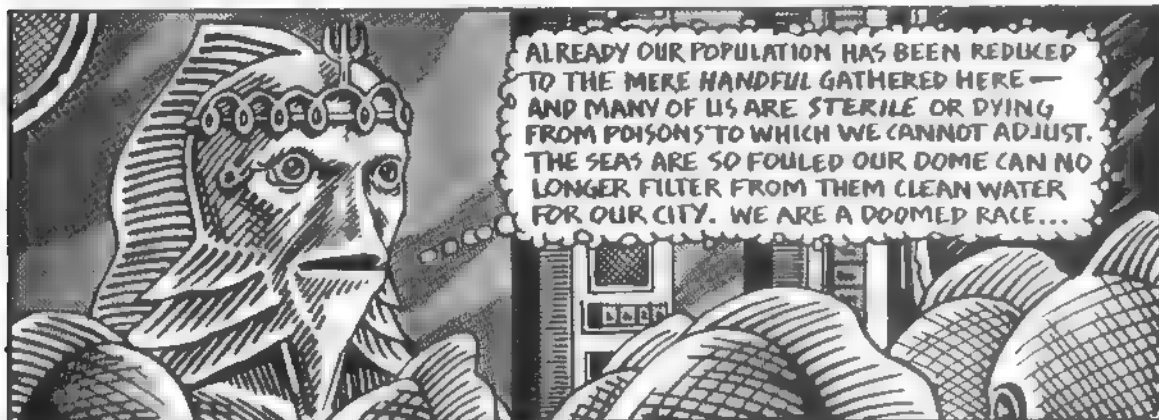
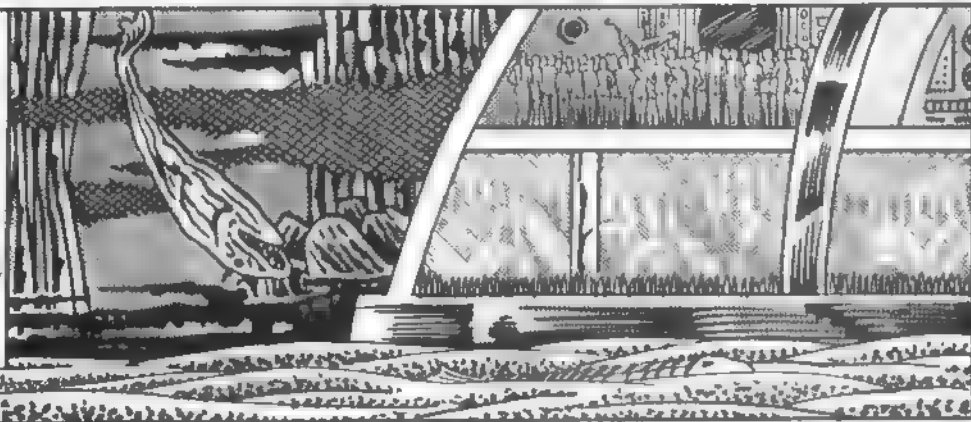
THE INHABITANTS OF HYDRO-SPACE LOVED THEIR PLANET AS A GIVER OF PRECIOUS LIFE, AND TOOK ONLY WHAT WAS NEEDED TO SURVIVE AND FURTHER THE SCIENCES.





BUT AFTER CENTURIES OF TERRAN WASTE BEING POURED INTO THE SEAS AND AIR, SURVIVAL WAS A GRIM PROSPECT FOR EITHER RACE.

EVEN AT THE OCEAN'S FLOOR ALL LIFE HAD CENSED, EXCEPT THAT BENEATH THE WATER-FILLED CRYSTAL DOME OF THE CITY OF HYDRO-SPHERE.



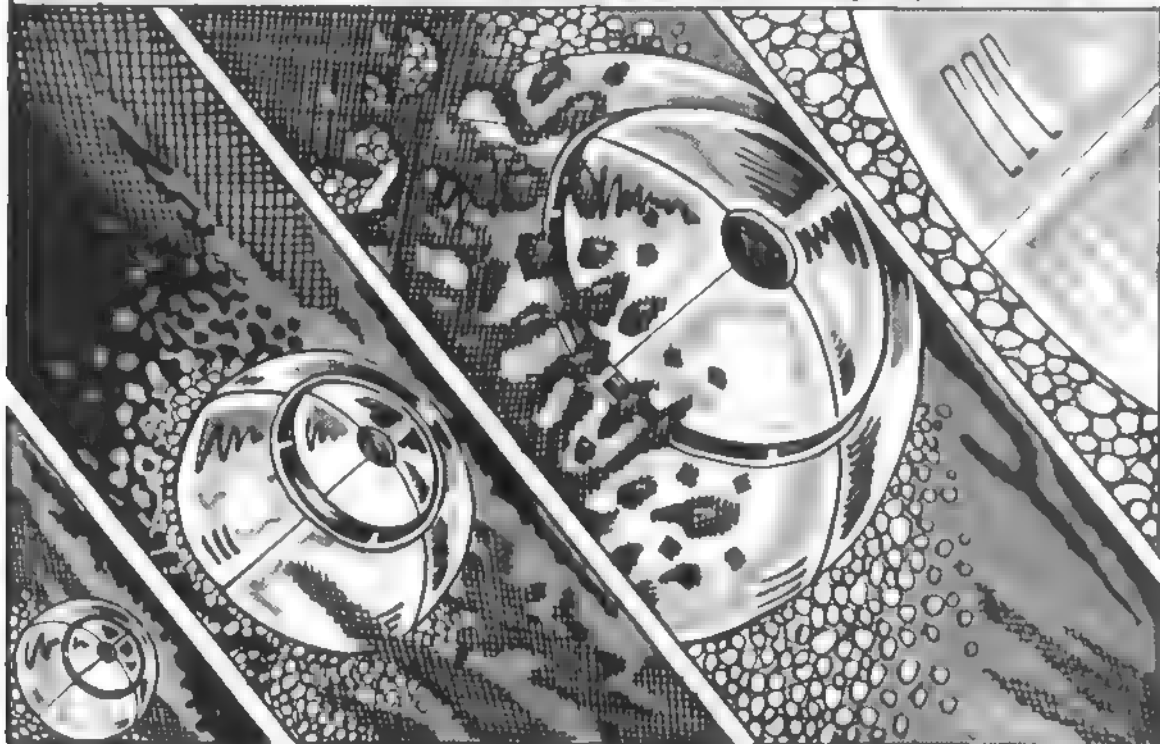
ALREADY OUR POPULATION HAS BEEN REDUCED TO THE MERE HANDFUL GATHERED HERE — AND MANY OF US ARE STERILE OR DYING FROM POISONS TO WHICH WE CANNOT ADJUST. THE SEAS ARE SO FOULED OUR DOME CAN NO LONGER FILTER FROM THEM CLEAN WATER FOR OUR CITY. WE ARE A DOOMED RACE...



... UNLESS WE EVACUATE THIS PLANET IMMEDIATELY! OUR SPACE PROBES HAVE FINALLY LOCATED A SISTER WORLD OF EARTH. THERE MIGHT WE LIVE IN PEACE!

GAY CHORE

FOR TWO YEARS THE AQUARIANS CONCENTRATED THEIR LABOR INTO CONVERTING HYDRO-SPHERE FOR THE VOYAGE ACROSS SPACE. THE FINAL TASK OF COVERING THE DOME WITH A SHELL OF IONIZED METAL WAS COMPLETED, AND THE OCEAN DWELLERS BID THEIR DYING WORLD FAREWELL. UPWARD THROUGH RANCID DEPTHS SURGED HYDRO-SPHERE...



... THEN BURST INTO EARTH'S CHOKED ATMOSPHERE AND STREAKED ONWARD TO THE HEAVENS.

GREAT NEPTUNE! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT RUINS!

WE LAST OBSERVED THEM DECADES AGO - BUT WERE TAKEN FOR HOSTILE ALIENS AND FIRED UPON... NOW SEE WHERE THEIR GREED AND HATRED HAS LED THEM.

DEVELOPMENT BANK
BUSINESS PARTNERS
ONLY

DO NOT
ENTER

DO NOT
ENTER

SALE
GOOD
USED
FURN.

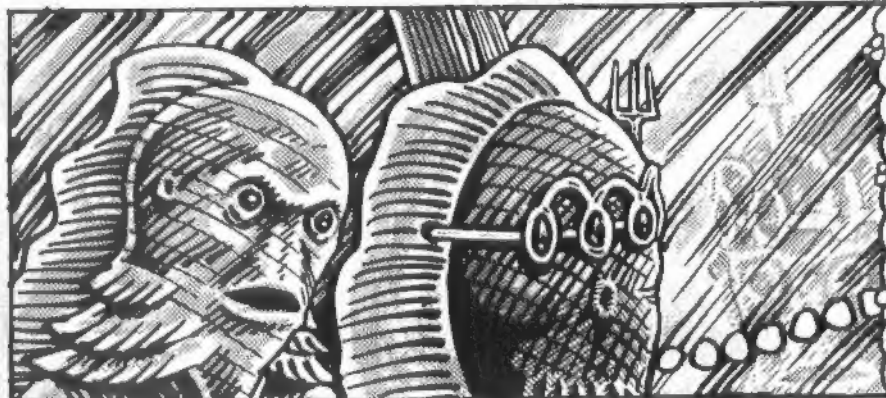
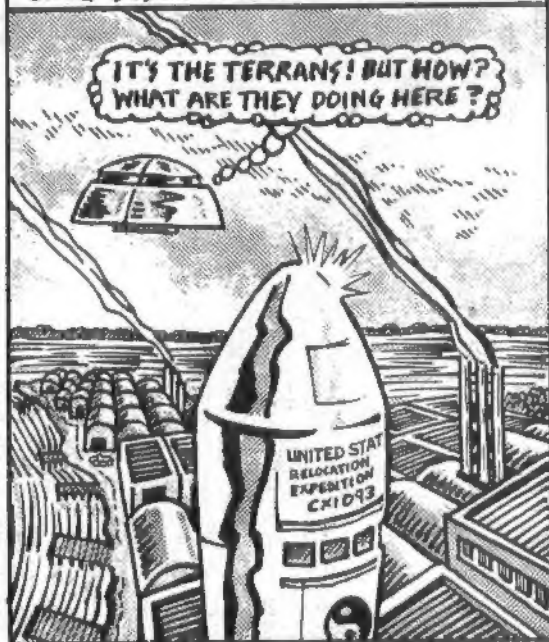
AS HYDROSPHERE APPROACHED THE SPEED OF LIGHT A SPACE WARP WAS EFFECTED...



WITHIN DAYS, THE REFUGEES WERE HOVERING OVER THEIR NEW HOME.



CLOSER INSPECTION PRODUCED A STARTLING DISCOVERY...



THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUS... UNABLE TO SURVIVE ON THE RAVAGED EARTH, THEY, LIKE OURSELVES, SOUGHT REFUGE ON THIS NEAREST PLANET WITH COMPARABLE CHEMISTRY. IT WAS DURING THE TWO YEARS WE LABORED ON HYDROSPHERE THAT THEY BUILT THIS COLONY.

THE PROBES HAVE
CHARTED ALTERNATE
WORLDS TO WHICH
WE CAN MIGRATE...

BLINK

BUT WHO CAN SAY
IF THE TERRANS,
WHEN THEY'VE
DEVASTATED
THIS WORLD
AS THEY DID
EARTH, WILL
NOT FOL-
LOW? THE
TIME HAS COME
THAT WE CAN
NO LONGER
HIDE—BUT
MUST DESTROY
OUR EVIL BRO-
THERS... IT IS
OUR... COSMIC
DUTY!

BUT WE LACK
WEAPONRY TO
OPPOSE THEIRS
—ALREADY
THEY USE IT
AGAINST US!

BOOM

THERE
IS A WAY... HISTORY
TELLS OF OUR FOREFATHERS
WHO FOUND IN EARTH'S OCEANS
HUGE DRUMS OF TERRAN ORIGIN,
ANALYZED AS CONTAINING A TERRI-
BLE POISON—CAPABLE OF KILLING
OUR PLANET MANY TIMES OVER.
THE DRUMS WERE TRANSPORTED TO
A LIFELESS ASTEROID IN DEEP
SPACE TO PROTECT EARTH FROM
ANY LEAKAGE. NOW WE MUST
RETRIEVE THEM AND USE THE
POISON ON IT'S CREATERS—
THE TERRANS BELOW.

THE PLAN MET AGREEMENT AND ANOTHER SPACE WARP PUT HYDROSPHERE WITHIN SIGHT OF THE ASTEROID.

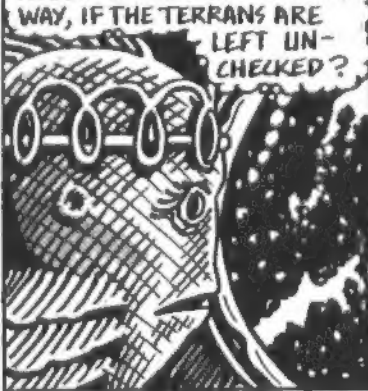


... AND THE RETURN TRIP BEGUN.



OUR INTENTIONS
CONDEMN THAT
YOUNG PLANET

... BUT IS IT NOT DOOMED ANY-
WAY, IF THE TERRANS ARE
LEFT UN-
CHECKED?

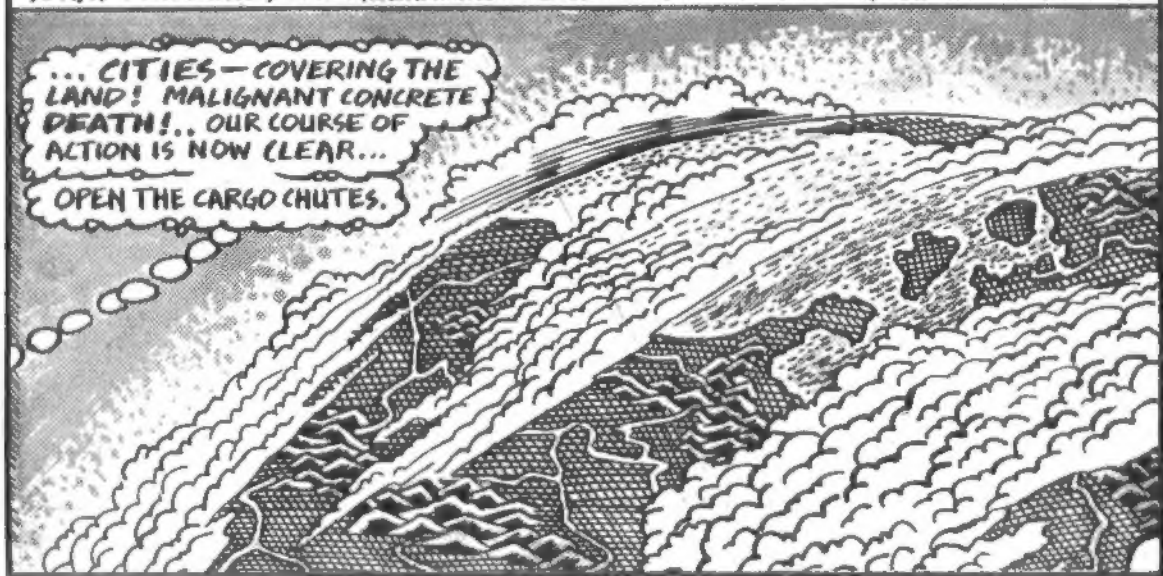


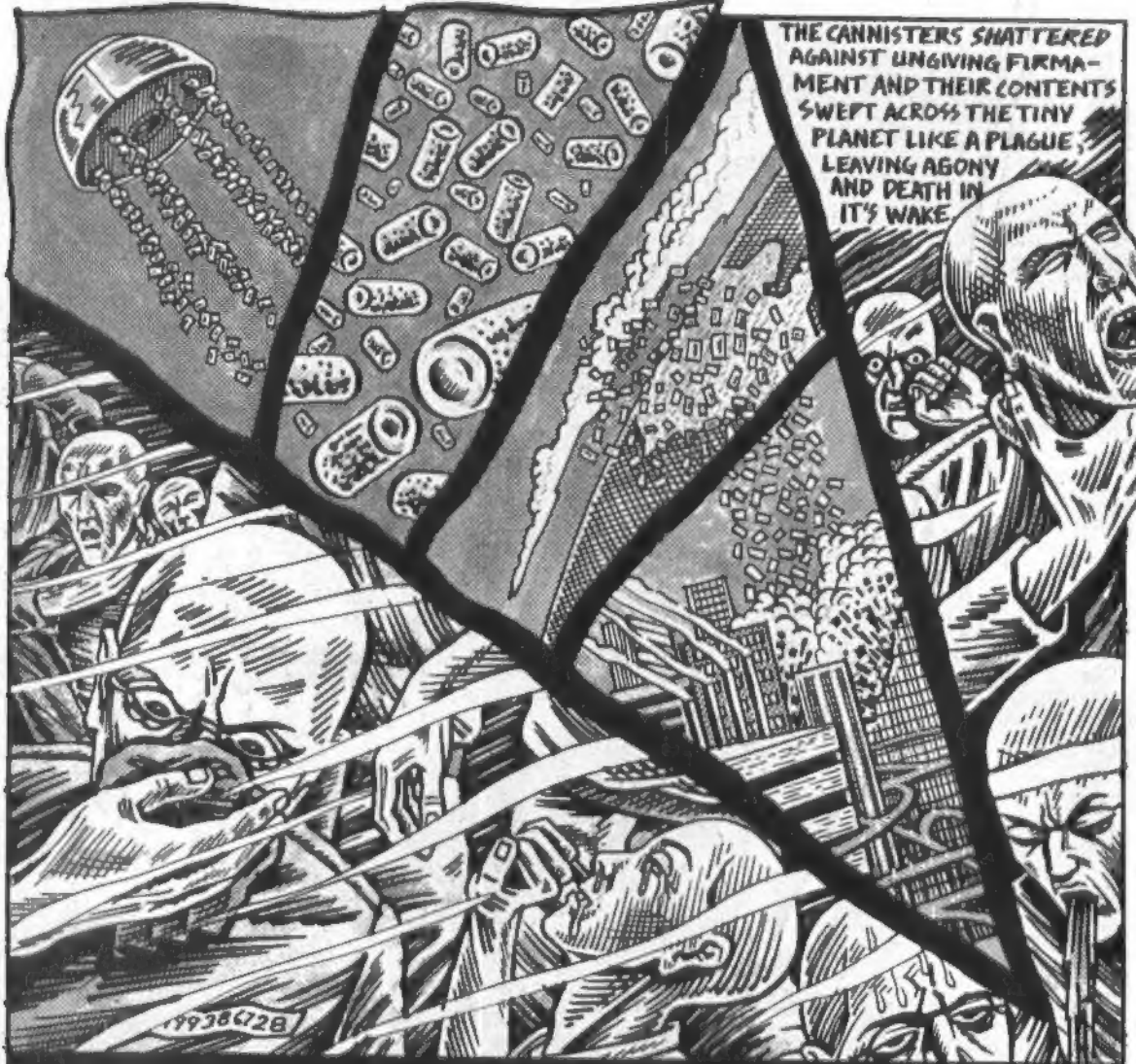
AND HOW
MANY MORE
BESIDES?

RETURNING TO THE OCCUPIED PLANET AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS SHIP-TIME, BUT THREE HUNDRED YEARS OTHERWISE, THE AQUARIANS FOUND THE ONCE TINY COLONY HAD GROWN INTO...

... CITIES—COVERING THE
LAND! MALIGNANT CONCRETE
DEATH!... OUR COURSE OF
ACTION IS NOW CLEAR...

OPEN THE CARGO CHUTES.





THE CANNISTERS SHATTERED
AGAINST UNGIVING FIRMA-
MENT AND THEIR CONTENTS
SWEEP ACROSS THE TINY
PLANET LIKE A PLAGUE,
LEAVING AGONY
AND DEATH IN
IT'S WAKE

* THIS OBJECT CORRESPONDS
EXACTLY TO OBJECTS EX-
CAVATED ON PLANET
S-2113 IN SECTOR
222!

* INTERESTING INDEED,
BUT NOT RELEVANT TO
THE URGENT MATTER
OF FINDING A SUITABLE
PLANET TO WHICH OUR
RACE CAN MIGRATE.

NERVE GAS GB
U.S. ARMY D.C.B.N.

PERHAPS SOME FUTURE SPACE TRAVELERS WILL HAPPEN UPON TWO DEAD PLANETS, LIGHT YEARS
APART. THEY MIGHT WONDER ABOUT THE PRESENCE ON BOTH OF IDENTICAL RUINS, ARTI-
FACTS, AND BONES. BUT WILL THEY EVER REALLY UNDERSTAND?

* TRANSLATION

DALLAS

END